



VICTORIOUS LIVES OF
EARLY CHRISTIANS
IN KOREA

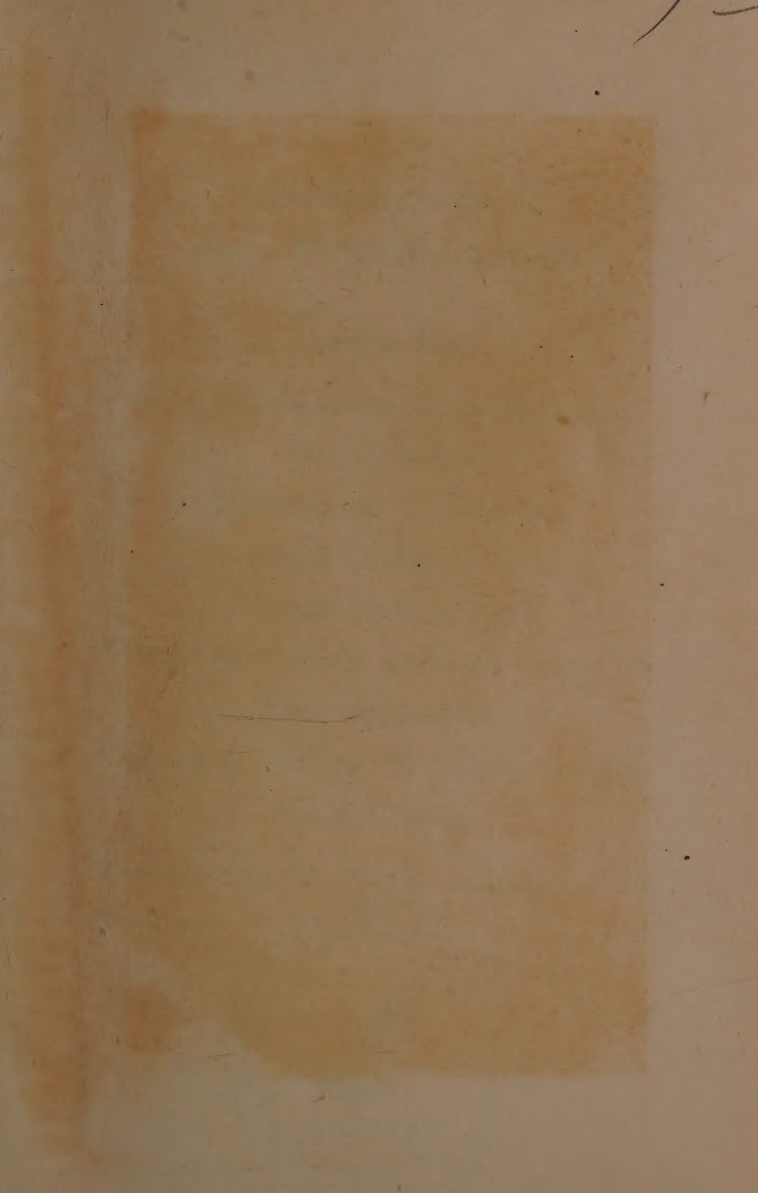
By M. W. Noble

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Victorious Lives of Early Christians in Korea

Sketches from

Victorious Lives of Early Christians in Korea.

The First Book of

Biographies and Autobiographies

of Early Christians in the

Protestant Church in Korea.

Compiled and written in the Korean Language by

Mattie Wilcox Noble.

Published in 1927 by the Christian Literature

Society of Korea.

Translated into the English Language by the
Compiler.



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Introductions

by

Bishop Herbert Welch

and the

General Superintendent of the

Korean Methodist Church

Dr. Chu Sam Ryang.

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1838

History is made up of biography. And history means not simply the story of the few mighty ones, but of the many humble. The foot-hills help to make the landscape as well as the snow-capped peaks.

It may sometimes be true that a great institution is only the lengthened shadow of some towering man; but the greatest institution the world has ever seen, the Christian Church, carries the impress of a multitude of obscure saints, whose names have often been forgotten but whose lives have been built as living stones into the temple of our God.

This little book embodies an attempt to preserve the memory of some of these faithful witnesses. While it has a special interest for Christians in Korea, it has also a wider appeal. These vivid life sketches should touch the heart and stir the zeal of Christians every where. They remind us of primitive days in that Korean Protestantism which has now become strong, and of simple folk who have been "life-changers" under conditions of handicap, opposition, and persecution. May this book be a messenger of hope and cheer in these more complex, but still difficult, days.

Herbert Welch.

Being one of the pioneer missionaries and having spent over forty years in Korea, Mrs. Noble has had some rich experiences in regard to the power of the Gospel, the slight touch of which makes the life victorious. Christianity is not theory, it is life. It produces victorious life, victory over sin, ignorance, customs, superstition, persecution and even death.

Mrs. Noble has collected a few life stories of Christians with whom she has had personal contact and has written a book in Korean which has been widely read and appreciated. Now she is Publishing the stories in English and I am sure they will help any casual reader to see some of the wonderful results of missionary work in this land.

Since the subject of Missions has, during the last few months, been under discussion more than ever before, the appearance of this book may be a timely production to illustrate what the Gospel of Jesus Christ means to the people of the East.

J. S. Ryang.

General Superintendent
Korean Methodist Church.

Seoul Korea. April 11th, 1933.

The compiler and translator of the life stories in this book, being thrilled by the faith and courage of the early Christians in Korea, sends forth the stories with the confidence that they will be an inspiration and revelation to the reader as were the records of Christian fortitude and heroism in the early Christian centuries.

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Where reigns fear and disappointment.

Rev. Chang Sik Kim

A Sturdy Upright Christian Character.

**Imprisoned in 1894; Ordered to Recant; Feet
Wedged in Stocks; Thrust into Death Cell:
Stoned and Beaten for Righteousness sake; Re-
sponded to Persecutors,**

“We Ought to Obey God Rather Than Man.”

**First Ordained Preacher in Korea. (in the
Protestant Churches.)**

**First Korean District Superintendent in
Korea.**

Rev. Chang Sik Kim.

“**S**HOULD I write of my life I could not say that I have done any thing for my Master. Indeed, I could say that I am an ignorant slave redeemed by grace. Since you who to me are as a parent bid me write, I will set forth the principle events of my life.”

I was born in 1857, in Saing Kun village, Syung-Tong Magistracy, Suan Co., Whoang Hai Province. When I was eleven years of age, I began to study Chinese Characters in an old fashioned Korean school and studied there until I was sixteen. From then on till I was twenty-one, I worked at farming. At twenty one, I left my home and went to school. Then for eight years, I wandered from place to place, working my way, sometimes as a hostler, sometimes at other work, and travelling in all the Provinces of Korea.

At the age of 29, I married Miss Pak, who

afterwards was baptized and given the Christian name "Notuk" or "Ruth." Soon afterwards, I saw in Seoul the Westerner for the first time. I thought him unmannerly and savage-like. I had heard that Westerners caught Korean children and ate them. I doubted this, but wanted to prove whether it were so or not, so secured work with a foreigner. While working at the home of Rev. F. Ohlinger, I carefully observed his daily life and that of Mrs. Olinger, but found nothing evil in them. I soon realized that their lives were patterns to be followed, and began to believe in their Lord. From that time, until the present, my heart has been filled with God's peace.

Mr. Ohlinger gave me the Gospel of Matthew and opening it from the fifth chapter asked me to study it from there on. I was happy, and later desiring to study more, he gave me a book called "The Bible Catechism." Each evening he taught me, and Mrs. Ohlinger also taught me many things. At first I was the gate keeper, then a general servant about the house. In time I became the cook, doing most kinds of Western cooking. I studied my Bible until I could almost repeat from memory the whole of the four Gos-

pels. During this time, I also received instruction from Rev. H. G. Appenzeller.

When I was thirty five, Mr. and Mrs. Ohlinger returned to America. I, already a Local Preacher, accompanied Dr. William James Hall on his first trip to Pyeng Yang. It was under the appointment of Bishop Mallelieu, August, 1892, that Dr. Hall began his work in Pyeng Yang.

In May, 1901, I received my first ordination, thus being the first minister to be ordained in the Protestant Church in Korea.

On our first visit to Pyeng Yang we lived in a Korean Inn and there preached the Gospel. In March, 1893, I moved with my family to Pyeng Yang. Dr. Hall, during his absences, would leave me in charge of the work. It was certainly a great responsibility that I carried. I determined that in taking charge I would try to do all things according to the teachings of the Gospel; try to correct the bad customs of Pyeng Yang, and preach the doctrines of Christ: Thus doing, I met persecutions as did St. Paul, even to being cast into prison and being beaten and stoned, Although, I met all of those trials, still not for a moment did they overwhelm me. I became

the more zealous and felt in my heart that I could conquer through Christ all the people of that city.

In the summer of 1894 war broke out between Japan and China. Pyeng Yang became a battle ground. Soon word came to our home within the walls that the Chinese were beaten and that hordes of Japanese soldiers were pouring into the city. Seeing this, the people were panic stricken and multitudes fled from the city. I was not at all personally frightened and I felt that it was my duty to remain and help save the souls of the people who were left. I was enabled to also minister to their physical comfort in many instances and from that time on many became Christians and Churches were founded. Although the new believers were organized for worship, many were really very weak Christians.

When the fighting was over, Dr. Hall returned to Pyeng Yang, but was soon attacked by Typhus Fever and laid down his life, a martyr to his love for the Koreans.

For two years I had charge of the work there and the first Methodist Church in North Korea

was built in that city in the summer of 1895 the funds being contributed entirely by the Korean brethren. It was a 6 kan building (8X48). Shortly after this our little group of Christians built a School Building to house the boy's school that had been organized by Dr. Hall and had met where-ever they could.

In 1896, Dr. W. A. Noble came to Pyeng Yang, and with me as his helper began to work. To tell of his coming causes again a thrill of joy. I was aboundingly happy, aboundingly thankful; Sitting here alone trying to tell of it, I am laughing over the memory of it; I am like a drunken man, a crazy man—for a while I sit quietly holding my pen while I reminisce over that time and the following years that we were so often together—then again I write.

In 1899, I received an appointment to Samwha and went there to develop the Church. After two years of service there, I returned to Pyeng Yang. Three years later I was appointed to Sinkai in Whanghai Province. I served three years at this point, then again was appointed to First Church, Pyeng Yang, and at that time rebuilt the parsonage. My next appointment was

at Yen-an, 100 miles south of the city, in Whanghai Province. Later I became District Evangelist travelling over the whole of the Province. I also served the following appointments:—Sin Chang, Unsan, Tokchun, Kaichun, Yangtuk, Mangsan, Yeng Byen, Whoichun, Wonsan and Chaichun.

In 1901, I was appointed Evangelist of the West Pyeng Yang District, with my residence at Chinnampo. In 1904, I was appointed District Superintendent of the Yeng Byen District. (This was the first time that a Korean had been appointed District Superintendent). I held this position for six years, and then was appointed Evangelist of the Suwon District where I remained till 1921. My final appointment was Hai Ju.

Under these various appointments, I have moved ten times, have been privileged to enter new territory where there were no Christians and help build up Christian Churches in forty eight places: I have been privileged to preach the Gospel under my appointments in 125 different centers, and as a visitor in forty five other places. Altogether I have travelled thousands of

miles a foot besides later travelling by train to scores of Churches. I have visited nearly all of our Methodist Churches in Korea, having been called to assist in some kind of a meeting. God has given me the privelege of working for Him for over thirty years without having been sick once and to have never missed a Sunday service during those years. For all these mercies I render gratitude to God, my Father.

Rev. Changsik Kim, (written in the Korean, Kim Chang Sik,) passed to his heavenly reward from Hai Ju, Jan. 1929. He leaves a wife who endured with him many hardships; his eldest daughter, the wife of Rev. Kui Soon Pang; his only son, a physician in the Methodist Hospital in Hai Ju; and his youngest daughter, a physician at the Lillian Harris Memorial Hospital in Seoul.



There were those whose faces
could not be seen.

Drusilla Yi.

Sometimes called Kyeng Sook Yi.

A Bible Woman under the Woman's Foreign
Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal
Church.

One of the earliest teachers of Ewha Haktang.
Through Faith Cured the "Demon Possessed."

**Biography of Mrs. Drusilla Kyeng Sook Yi:
as told by her to Mrs. W. A. Noble.**

JESUS, my Lord, has been my Comforter for many years. Before I began to believe in Jesus, was the time of joylessness and of bitterness.

I was born in 1851 in a home of poverty, in Hong Ju, Choong Chun Province. In 1856, when the French Catholics were being terribly persecuted in Korea, and I was 15 yrs. of age, I was married to a man from Seoul. Right after the service he returned to his home, and I remained in my mother's home. Three years later, a message came saying that he was dead. After my father's death, when I was 37 years old our family scattered, and I came up to Seoul to my uncle's home, and worked there for two years. My life looked dark before me and the world seemed cold and drear. I decided to do 'away

with it all, but first I would cut off my long hair, and become a Buddhist nun, then go out side the East Gate of Seoul and live in a Buddhist Nunnery. It was considered a sign of defilement for a woman to have her hair cut, and Buddhist nuns were not respected. I knew not which way to turn, nor what to do.

I went to sew at the home of a friend. There I learned that the friend's husband was a Korean Language teacher of an American Missionary lady. This gentleman told the American lady, who was Mrs. M. F. Scranton, about me and my pitiable condition and she sent word for me to come to see her. She had came to Korea in May, 1885, the first missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Soc. of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Because of trying conditions in Korea, she went back to Japan but returned a month later, arriving in Seoul, the 20th of June, 1885. She received her first pupil in June, 1886. When a building for the school was finished, she had 12 pupils ready to enter in the fall of 1887—the beginning of Ewha Haktang which was the first Girl's school in Korea. The name was given to the school by the Korean Queen. It, translated, means Pear

Blossom School. She sent for me in April, 1890, when I was 39 years old. I went wearing my old clothes and carrying a paper lantern. I wore an apron over my head, being too poor to wear the green silk cloak, the kind used for the seclusion of women—It was mid-night when I arrived at her home on Legation Street.

At that time, a person of quality on going out on the street would ride in a curtained palanquin carried by coolies. A maid servant would follow in a smaller chair or palanquin, or would sometimes walk. This was the case even at night. Women of a lower class would wear a green silk cloak thrown over their heads on going out night or day, but if they were too poor to possess a green silk cloak, they threw a white skirt over their heads, and were considered very low class. Women of the coolie class, only, would go out with their heads uncovered. I, a descendent of Yangbans, the Gentleman Class, had to cover my head with the white skirt or apron.

Mrs. Scranton, the elderly lady, welcomed me gladly, although I was a stranger to her. I spent that night in her house. The next morning, she urged me to eat well. It was impossible

for me to partake well of such excellent food while I thought of the members of my family all so hungry—My mouth was dry, and my eyes wet with tears. After breakfast, Mrs. Scranton gave me all the clothing that I needed, and really took me to her heart as a daughter. I helped her in the house work, in sewing for the girls, and in the school work.

In Korea, the 8th of the 4th month, and the 5th of the 5th month, most of the women go outside of the city to visit the Monasteries, the Temples, and other places of interest, especially outside the East and the South Gates. In May, which according to the old calendar was the 4th month, on the 8th day, women were out sight-seeing. Having learned of the foreign ladies and their strange customs, they came in crowds to visit Mrs. Scranton. She told me to take them about and show them the house and explain things, which I did. I piloted about a thousand women around that day, till I felt I should lose my senses.

In April, 1890, when I first came to Ewha, a number of girl's had dropped out, and there were only six girls in the school. I had known Un-

moon, (the Korean reading and writing), from childhood, so Mrs. Scranton engaged me to teach Unmoon to the girls and to gather more girls into the school. The children we were able to gather together were mostly orphans or children of poor widows. There were over 90 girls at the end of the year. At first the Koreans were afraid of the Westerners, and wouldn't send their children, but, after the people came sightseeing time and again and found them to be kind loving friends, and that, at first, tuition and books were free, they began to send their girls. Six years passed by, and the time came for Mrs. M. F. Scranton to return to her own country for furlough. She was then in poor health. Miss Rothweiler took her place in the school.

In 1897, Mrs. Scranton returned in good health. If conditions were then as at the present, we would have gone down to the station to meet her; but, then, there were no railroads in the land. I went down to the Han river to meet her, riding in a palanquin carried by two men. How happy I was. I felt like a child whose mother, having been away a long time, was coming home.

Mrs. Scranton didn't take up the work at

Ewha Haktang again but began to do Evangelistic work at Talsung where the work of the later Meade memorial or Sang Dong Church began. The Scrantons bought property there for their home, and for a new Church. Mrs. Scranton took me to work with her there and also to work with her in itinerating trips out in the interior. We travelled much together. At times I went alone. We worked in a circuit that later developed into two Districts. We visited Suwon, Omi, Chang Chinai, Tokkokai, Ochun, Haime, Taksun, Yaju and Ichun. At a certain Inn in Suwon, one day, as we waited there, I sold a big box full of Christian books.

Sight seers came to our room in great numbers but staid outside looking in through the doors and windows. If we closed them, they would wet their fingers and press them against the paper covering of the doors and window frames. (There was no glass in them). Soon little holes would be all over the windows and the doors, holes large enough for the guests outside to press their eyes against and see inside. When we ate our breakfasts, and all day till late in the evening people would be there, watching the

ways of the foreigner. We had to put out the candle light before we could prepare in any privacy for the night. It surely was trying.

One must meet people in order to tell them of Jesus and His love, and win them to Him. These people surrounded us on every side so that we couldn't rest and could scarcely breathe. They asked so many questions, and demanded so many explanations of every thing, that my lips burned from constant use. It became so difficult for me that Mrs. Scranton was much concerned, and said to the people "Kyeng Sook is nearly dead, so it would be a good thing if you would go away for a while."

On a first itinerating trip to a place, the food and the rooms were so unclean that we taught a great deal about Hygiene. On a second visit to a place, it showed signs of improvement. On a third visit, at some places, a number had been converted and we could organize a Mission Group. At a fourth visit, the new believers homes were much cleaner, and never again were they as at our first visits.

One winter, I visited a certain town and met a poor woman who wore a summer waist or

jacket. She was too poor to have it padded with cotton to keep her warm. She was also bare-footed. In pity, I took off my outside cotton padded jacket and an extra skirt, and gave them to her. After a year, we returned and with pleasure met the same woman. When she had received the clothing I had given her, she immediately decided to believe in my God. She told her husband the story of Jesus as I had told it to her, and he also became a Christian. His business prospered, and they were happy. Mrs. Scranton asked the woman how often she prayed, and she answered "With out ceasing." A woman who stood by said "How can you say you pray all the time when you do your own work? I am so busy that I cannot find time to pray so I find it difficult to be a Christian." She answered "Why, I pray while I work. When I do the washing, I pray, 'Please wash the sins all out of my sinful heart while I try to make the clothes clean.' When I build the fire, I pray 'Oh! Lord! please make faith to rise in my heart as the flames rise from the fire.' When I work in the fields I pray as I pull the weeds from the garden or the fields, 'please take out

the weeds of sin from my heart.' If one really wants to pray one need not seek for a time or times for prayer."

Later on, Mrs. M. F. Scranton again went on furlough, and Miss Nellie M. Pierce who afterwards became Mrs. Hugh Miller took up her work. She appointed me to work on the Suwon Circuit, and to take charge of the new Girl's School there. Only two girls were in attendance, but after another years work in the school and on the circuit there were 20 girls in attendance and 70 Church members.

God worked some mighty wonders through me during those years, for which I am very thankful. Three people who were crazy were restored to their right minds, one girl whom all said was demon possessed was cured and a Sorceress gave up her sorcery. These stories are as follows:

A woman, aged 40, who had a husband, son, and daughter, was crazy. Her family brought her to me begging me to heal her. For two weeks I kept her with me and prayed earnestly night and day for her recovery, and, praise God, she recovered.

A man, 50 years old was violently insane, and

even at midnight would rush out of doors bent on mischief. His family brought him to me for help. I had them bind him with rope, so that he would be quiet enough to be talked to. With soothing, comforting words I talked to him, and frequently prayed using all the strength of my soul and body. We continued working for him for twenty days, during which time, he gradually grew better and was entirely cured and able to go home and work—a Christian man.

A young woman was what they called possessed of the spirit of Tai Ju, Tai Ju being the spirit of a girl who had died of Small Pox, and it was said that when her spirit entered into a person, the person became a fortune teller of a peculiar kind. This young woman was a wonderful whistler, and she would go about where girls or young women were sick and foretell whether or not they would die. That was about all any one could get her to do. Her family brought her to me and desired that I should cure her. So, I took her to my room and kept her there about ten days, quieting her and praying for her. She also returned home in a normal condition.

Again, at another place, I preached with all

my strength for several days to a sorceress. She accepted my Saviour and wanted to prepare for baptism, so I went with her to her home and she took down all the idols and images that she had worshipped, and her paraphernalia for sorcery, out into her yard. There we made a bonfire of it. As the flames arose, we sang praises to God. She later was baptized and became a full member of the Church.

Could I have accomplished those things in my own strength? It was God's power working through me. All honor and glory belong to Him.

For 20 yrs. I served under the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society as a Bible woman, or until I was 60 yrs. of age when my health failed.

For many years, I have been living in a small room in the grounds of the Meade Memorial or Sang Dong Church. I have been using all the strength vouchsafed to me to do what I can for my Master. My health is not good and many difficulties surround me, but my heart is at peace, and I am rejoicing. I pray that the days or years of the rest of my sojourn here may pass

quickly, so that I may go and be with my Lord.

Jan. the 9th, 1930. Drusilla, Kyeng Sook Yi lovingly called the Guest Lady, at the Sang Dong Church, was taken to be with her Lord. From her savings and from gifts that came to her when she was 60 years old, she had saved enough money to cover her funeral expenses. As different ones spoke of her Christian life, the many who listened received new lessons of loyalty to the Master.



Palanquin.

Mrs. Samtok Chun.

The wife of a Royal Councillor in the Korean Government ;

The first woman to be baptized in the Protestant Churches in the Northern part of Korea.

Mrs. Samtok Chun.

BEFORE telling of my life as a Christian through grace, I will tell something of my life as lived in Paganism.

I was born in Pyukwee Island, North Pyeng Yang Province, in 1843 in a Yangban or High Class family, so, even though I was a girl, I was taught the Chinese Classics and our Native Script. Our neighbors often praised my work in sewing and house keeping which are duties that always fall to women.

My parents followed the old customs of idol worship and superstitious practices, and I was brought up to do the same.

Through a go-between, my parents arranged for my marriage, at the age of 17, to *Mr. Sun Khu Kim* of Cheami, Kang Syo Co. He was a Royal Councillor in the Korean Government, and was loved by the Korean Emperor Yi, who appointed him to that post. He was the first man

in North Korea who had obtained a Government position during the Yi Dynasty, a period of about 500 years beginning in 1392. The Government had not given office to men of the north, because the earlier northmen were warlike and apt to rebel against the King.

My husband moved to Seoul in 1885, and was appointed as a magistrate of Po Ryung in South Choon Chung Province. For about 5 years we lived there, when he resigned from that position, and we returned to our former home near Kang Syo in the North. From then on, for many years, I virtually served my father and mother-in-law, since according to Confucius, (and his rules were the only ones we knew), that was the first duty of a married woman. According to custom, I always remained at home. I couldn't go outside of our house and its open court or yard which was surrounded by buildings and by high walls; that is, unless I were to go carried in a closed, curtained chair or palanquin carried by Chair Bearers, with servants walking before and behind to protect me and to clear the way. Our family customs were especially strict, since we took rank as the highest Yangbans in that

part of the country. It was utterly impossible for me to go outside of our home.

Concubinage had been carried on in Korea for centuries, and no wife could hope to be the only woman in the home. When my first youth was passing, and, perhaps my face was not as good looking as twas said it had been, my husband's love for me waned. He brought a concubine, and installed her in a part of the big rambling place, after which I led a lonesome life of trouble.

In 1893, I heard of a new Doctrine that had come to Pyeng Yang which was called "The Jesus Doctrine" and that it allowed women to become members. Having never been allowed to go away from home even outside of the walls of our place, how could I go to Pyeng Yang which was 26 miles distant? Going to Pyeng Yang, though a most difficult problem, was much easier than to ask my husband's permission to go. I thought and thought and schemed and schemed, so much so, that I couldn't sleep nights. I determined that I would believe in the Jesus of this new Doctrine and hoped for a chance to go to Pyeng Yang so that I could attend a Sunday service of which I had heard. At last

an opportunity came allowing me to go off, and on to Pyeng Yang. It took me most of two days to go. When there, I managed to attend the Christian services. At first, I went entirely out of curiosity. It was something new and was for women as well as for men. I wanted to try it out and see what "Believing in Jesus" meant, so I started out to find a preacher. That also was a word new to me. Someone took me to see a Westerner, Dr. William James Hall. He was the first person of the "White Race" I had ever seen. He gave me several books—"Christian Morality," "A Catechism on Baptism," and a "Methodist Catechism," and asked me to please study them. Dr. Hall's Assistant was Mr. Suk Kyung Oh, who was formerly my neighbor. Dr. Hall told Mr. Oh to teach me about Jesus. He did so with great fervor. I saw that the teachings were good and true, but the one who first taught me of Jesus' love was Dr. W. J. Hall.

I brought the books home and studied them with my daughters-in-law. I had two grown up sons. Their wives were faithful in their devotion to me. I had not yet learned how to worship. In my heart I believed in Jesus and taught

my daughters-in-law to believe as I was doing. Whenever opportunity offered, I went alone to Pyeng Yang, and attended the Sunday Services. Sometimes, I rode there and back in a palanquin borne by two coolies, and sometimes I walked. The women were hidden from the men by a partitioning curtain.

One day, later on, Dr. W. B. Scranton, Mr. Suk Kyung Oh, Mr. Chang Sik Kim and Mr. Un Sung Yi came to see me at my home. They all rode horses. We invited them to put up at our place. They preached to my husband, pleading with him to believe. He didn't receive the "Good News" with gladness of heart as did all the rest of the family.

We women talked to the visitors from behind large folding screens, or, if we gathered in the open court, or yard, our faces were hidden under enormous umbrella like bamboo hats. Dr. Scranton asked me if I did not wish to be baptized. I replied that I should like to be baptized in the Name of the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost, but that since the customs of our country did not allow a man to see a woman face to face, that I didn't see how such a ceremony

could be performed, and asked what I could do. He replied—"That being the case, let us do it this way. Put up a curtain in the middle of a room, make a hole in the curtain large enough for you to put your head partly through, and we will have the Baptism Service right there." I arranged the room as requested, and then, received baptism, with all reverence, through the aperture. Afterwards, my little daughter was so baptized. Thus, I was the first woman to be baptized in all North Korea. This was in 1895.

After my baptism, I attended Sunday Services at Pyeng Yang as often as I could. The difficulties I had to overcome are still fresh in my memory. When the weather was good, I rode in a Palanquin there in one day, but when it snowed or rained I had to stay over night at a midway place. Many times I had to walk the whole way and that was much more difficult for me. Moreover, when my husband learned that I was going to Pyeng Yang to attend Church, he was so opposed to it, that I had to go some round about way or leave the house secretly. Once, I took my daughters-in-law with me to Pyeng Yang to attend Church; and on returning

home, my husband having learned of their attending a Church service called them to him, and scolded them severely. He said, "As for your mother, she is already crazy, but do you plan to become crazy like her?" In many ways, he persecuted them trying to make them come to their senses, as he said. Nevertheless, I was not discouraged, and as often as was feasible, for some years, I went to Pyeng Yang to worship at the Sunday Services. One who travelled always with me was the nurse from their infancy of my two sons, and who continued to live with us. She was baptized Bella.

My two daughters-in-law were baptized 3 or 4 yrs. later by Dr. W. A. Noble. Dr. Noble founded the Church at Kang Syo, which is about 5 miles from our home. When he first came there, there was but one Christian, a man, and about 5 miles away, a few in our family who were Christians, but Kang Syo became one of the towns of the most outstanding Christian Work. For years, I helped the Bible Woman and Girls' School teacher there in house-to-house visitation and in teaching in the school.

From the time of the beginning of the first

Bible Institutes in the Methodist Church in Korea at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Noble in Nov. 1897, I attended them every fall and spring until the Course of Study became a graded one, with many teachers, and I received my graduating Diploma. After that, I continued in faithful attendance at the Special Classes and as a teacher until about 3 or 4 years ago. Now that I am old and my strength is small, I cannot attend the Bible Institutes as I did before, but I do not cease to labour in prayer for them. I always taught in the Bible classes that were later held near my home.

Many were the sorrows and persecutions that I had to endure in order to attend services or Institutes. Now, as I review them in my mind, I give thanks to God for giving me courage and faith to continue attending them in spite of the opposition and persecution from my husband and my eldest son all of which was so fearfully hard to bear.

At the first, I had to walk to attend the Bible Institutes, but later on, when my husband and eldest son found out that they couldn't break my faith or overcome my will respecting Christian

duties and blessings, and being sorry and ashamed that I should walk those long distances, they gave me the privilege of riding a donkey to and from the Institutes. After that, they repented more of their treatment of me, and sent me to the Institutes in a Palanquin. In later years, when a railway was laid from Pyeng Yang to Chinnampo passing near Kang Syo, my eldest son bought a ricksha for me to ride from our home to the railway station and from there I rode in a train to Pyeng Yang to the Institutes. The comparison of the early days of taking nearly two days in walking one way, to the present of going in a couple of hours from our home, is surely great. First I walked, next rode a donkey, next a palanquin, now a ricksha and a train. Surely, God has led me all the way.

Miss Ethel M. Estey many years ago wanted me to go to Ham Jong as a Bible Woman and Girls' school teacher. I felt it was a call from God so went without making excuses. When going about from house to house, preaching Jesus, the persecutions I received were so fierce that even now, I shudder to recall them. An old lady, Pyengil Chang, and an old gentleman often

accompanied me. We had been invited to destroy the fetishes that had been handed down from generation to generation. We three went into the home, and while we were planning with the new converts on how to destroy the fetishes, a nephew of the family came in and spoke to me in language not possible to describe. He did not know our blessed Jesus. He grew violent, and took up a stone to hurl at us. We had to dodge him and the stone and flee, so had to leave the destroying of the fetishes till another day. As we went to our boarding house, that nephew again overtook us, and, wildly accosting us, beat the old lady who was with us and pushed her against a bank. In falling, she hurt her arms, and for several days, we had to treat her for her injuries.

As I went about preaching, many believed, but also many were bitter in their denunciations of me. Some derided, asking if I were crazy, that, I, a woman who had a good home should go about as I did. They often threatened me, but I was not afraid. Deep pity filled my heart for my brothers and sisters living in sin. I used all the strength of my soul and body to try and

win them to throw away their evil ways and to accept my Jesus as their Saviour. Believers were added to the Church. Three times while I was there, the Church had to be enlarged. In 1925, a new Church was built. I was privileged to go to the Dedication, and there I heard the preacher recount the history of the Church from the time when I first went there to carry the Glad Tidings. I praised God for all His tender mercies to me.

After many years spent at Ham Jong, when it became increasingly difficult for me to walk far, I resigned from my position as a Bible woman, and moved back to my old home, Wak-saimoru, five miles from Kang Syo. There I continued working for Jesus, helping in building up the Church. Now, on the Sabbath Day, about 200 Christians meet for worship in that little town.

In 1925, my 30 years of service for the Master were commemorated by the Churches in this section. In front of the Church in my old home town, they erected in my honor a monument in remembrance of my 30 years of service for the Kingdom of God.

All honor and praise to our blessed Lord Who thus hath worked through me, His humble servant. As I think over the events of the past years, I realize that my Lord, in love and mercy, every single day watched over and took care of me. Spontaneously, from my heart, comes praise and gratitude that never can end.

Samtok Kim died on April 9th, 1932, at the age of 89 years. Among things that she did not tell the Korean Young man who was sent by the writer to take down an account of her life when she was asked to tell its story, was that she actually knew of 600 people who had entered into Church relationships through her personal work.

Her home life was beautiful, with grand children and great-grand children being brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. One grand-daughter who taught in Ewha Haktang for some years, is now taking special work in Northwestern University.

Twenty one flags of various colors inscribed with messages of affection and victory were brought from Sunday Schools, Guilds, Churches, and Individuals to be carried ahead of the bier to the grave. A white silk cover with a large red cross stitched upon it, symbol of her glory in the cross and of her rise to be with the Resurrected Christ, was lowered into the grave and spread over the coffin. Surely the angels sang when she entered heaven.

Mr. Chung Mo Whoang.

One of the earliest Christians in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Korea.

Helped in buying property for Mission work.

A Teacher in a Mission School.

**Reflections on Some of My Experiences
During Many Years.
by Chung Mo Whoang.**

FROM the time I was eight years of age, I studied, then taught the Chinese Classics in private, small schools of the old type until I was thirty years of age. Then, fortunately for me, in the fall of 1893, I met Dr. James W. Hall, who was living inside the West Gate of Pyeng Yang, and I heard about Jesus, the Saviour of the World. I called on the Doctor in his home, and learned that though he were a foreigner, he was really a worth while man. When I learned that Dr. Hall had started a hospital, I went often out of curiosity to see what was going on there. A few months later my brother became seriously ill. I went to the Doctor and asked him to come and see him, which he kindly did. I fell that night on the Doctor's porch, and

seriously injured my arm, so that I had to return every day for treatment. Each time, he welcomed me so warmly that we became great friends. He led me to the Great Friend, Christ Jesus.

Dr. Hall then engaged me to come every morning and evening to teach him the Korean language. As I taught him Korean, I learned more and more of our Lord. In the Spring of 1894, there were about twenty men and women in Pyeng Yang who had begun to be Christians.

In April, 1894, Dr. Hall brought his wife and baby son to Pyeng Yang. Since the people there had never seen a foreign lady or baby before, the town was greatly excited, and thousands of people wanted to see them. During a few days time 1500 people had actually entered their yard to have a glimpse of them.

According to an old custom, at the first month of the Chinese Calender, the people would collect money from every house to make a great sacrifice to the Mountain Spirits. An evil disposed man, Nakoo Kim, told Dr. Hall in Jan., before Mrs. Hall (Dr. Rosetta Sherwood) arrived, that since he lived there, he should give money to

sacrifice to the Spirits, and threatened him if he did not do so. He also threatened Mr. Pyung Sun No, who was Dr. Hall's interpreter, and ordered him to interpret in such a way as to make the Doctor feel free to contribute. Mr. No, told him that as Christians they positively could not sacrifice to Spirits. Nakoo struck Mr. No on the cheek and said he'd see him later. After Mrs. Hall came and the people were all excited, Nakoo Kim felt that an auspicious time had come to have revenge on the Doctor.

Nakoo said that, since the Father of the King, or the Ex-Regent Tai Won Kun had in 1866 persecuted the French priests and the native Catholic Christians, the Western Barbarians would again have to be disposed of and the native Christians persecuted. An application was sent to the Governor of the Province, for permission to so do. The Governor sent word that it was impossible to arrest the Westerner, but that the Korean Christians could be arrested. Therefore, Rev. Chang Sik Kim, of the Methodist Church and Rev. Han Suk Chin of the Presbyterian Church with a few others, were arrested. Mr. Suk Hyeng Oh gave himself up. Other

Christians hid themselves. Dr. and Mrs. Hall and their baby remained at home alone. The persecution extended to the refusing of the people to allow water to be carried to the Doctor's house. Rev. Chang Sik Kim's feet were put in the stocks. He was told that if he didn't recant he would be beheaded.

When I heard of these calamities, I went to see Dr. Hall and found him very anxious. He had already telegraphed to the Minister at the U. S. Legation in Seoul, and was awaiting the answer. I learned that the Korean Government had telegraphed to the Governor ordering the release of the prisoners, but that the Governor had not obeyed. Dr. Hall then informed them at Seoul of the conditions, and 4 or 5 times orders came from Seoul to release the men. When the order was not obeyed, the U. S. Minister cabled to his Government for help to relieve the distress. The Post Office Authorities notified His Korean Majesty of the contents of the cable and His Majesty becoming alarmed, telegraphed, dismissing from office the Pyeng Yang Governor, and the prisoners were released. After that the Church was at peace.

When the people learned that the Christians were to be freed from prison, they gathered outside the prison gate shouting, "Beat the God Religionists," and some stoned them. Chang Sik Kim was struck with a stone. It took about three months to recover from the effects of his tortures and injuries. While the Christians were being stoned Suk Kyeng Oh's father snatched a big 14 ft. in circumference reed hat from a woman, and putting it over his son protected him.

In the summer of 1894, occurred the war between Japan and China. Dr. Hall asked me to go up to Seoul with him (down Geographically, but because of Seoul being our country's Capital, up honorifically.) We went by steamer to Chemulpo, where we were welcomed by Rev. Geo. Heber Jones, and remained there a day. From there we took a small steam-boat up the river to Seoul. The leading Korean members of the Methodist Church whom I met there were, Pyeng Hyun Choi, Pyung Sun No, Hong Mook Ryung, Hong Jik Yi, Chinsa Han, etc. The missionaries whom I knew were, Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, Dr. W. B. Scranton, Rev. W. A. Noble and a teacher

in a Government School, Mr. H. B. Hulbert.

A few days after our arrival in Seoul, the Japanese Army entered the city, a few at a time, but the people didn't take much notice of them. After a few days, more than a thousand entered, and, it wasn't long before 10000 Japanese troops were occupying the city. The Gates of the city were watched by them, and the people going and coming were all searched. The excitement among the people boiled as does water in a kettle. Each Foreign Legation had it's Nation's soldiers enter to protect its interests. The Mission Boys School, Pai Chai Haktang, was guarded by the American Soldiers.

One day, news came that 40000 Chinese troops had taken possession of Pyeng Yang City, and that the inhabitants of the city were fleeing for safety. I was greatly anxious about my family and asked Dr. Hall for permission to return home, which he gave, It was the Rainy Season. The roads were so bad that it took me 14 days to reach home. I found my family safe and in peace. Immediately, I offered prayers of gratitude to my Heavenly Father. Mr. Chang Sik Kim had inspired the Christians with courage

and dependence on God's protecting care, so that most of them had remained at home, while crowds of others had become refugees.

It was about the 10th of August 1894. The Japanese troops had arrived 3 miles south of Pyeng Yang where an engagement had already taken place. As yet which side was victorious had not been learned. The Chinese put a Pontoon Bridge across the Tai Dong or Great East River, and took their soldiers across to Willow Forest three miles distant. In the evening, the Chinese troops returned with songs of victory. It was a pleasant sight to see the inhabitants of the city welcome the returning, victorious, Chinese soldiers.

Some people brought rice gruel, others, honey water. The soldiers fingers were so sore and stiff from the hard all day fighting, that they couldn't easily handle the food vessels, and the natives sympathetically withdrew so as not to embarrass them.

In a few days, the Japanese were attacking the city. They encircled the city, and gradually drew in, nearer, and nearer. The Chinese shut the city gates, prohibiting anyone to go in or

out. They watched from the parapets of the city wall. The firing of guns at one side of the city where they were fighting the Japanese soldiers, was as the noise of deep thunder. Nearer and nearer came the Japanese, and up they came over Peony Point-Victorious. The Chinese fled panic stricken knowing the battle was lost to them.

The Japanese troops filled the city. The people were terrified. The Japanese Army tried not to annoy the people, so they became calmer though very anxious about their women. I went out that night with 20 members of my three brother's families trying to get them to a place of safety. About one half mile outside the city, where we were travelling, suddenly there was great confusion and the noise of guns being shot all around us. One bullet whizzed by right under my ear. The noise was as of heavy rain beating upon stalks of broom corn in a field. During the confusion our family left the main road. As we went on through a narrow pass, the noise of the guns grew fainter, then ceased, and we were safe.

Deeply, ceaselessly, I thanked God for His

protecting care. I left members of our family at Chungsan and returned to Pyeng Yang and found our 80 yrs. old parents in peace. I sought and found Rev. Chang Sik Kim, and he said that the Christians there were safe in spite of the war, and that there were two Japanese Generals and a physician in the city.

The war was over. Dr. Hall returned and gathered together the Christians, who through God's grace were in peace and safety, and blessed were the Church services as we worshipped together again. Some of the new comers were so pleased that the Doctor had returned that they brought food and wine as welcome gifts to him. I explained to them that he never drank liquor nor smoked tobacco, and exhorted them to follow his example,

Dr. Hall without thought of self threw his strength into the work of caring for the injured, the sick, and the dying. As an aftermath of the war bodies of dead Chinese and carcasses of horses were seen on the road sides, especially outside of the north gate. Typhus Fever was rife. The Doctor contracted the fever and was confined to his bed. Friends took him back the

long way to his home in Seoul, down the Great East River by small boat, down the coast in a steamer, up from Chemulpo in a small river steam boat, over land in a chair borne by coolies, to his Doctor wife. His disease grew worse on the long journey, and in two weeks time he left his mortal body for heaven, Nov. 24, 1894.

The Church members in Pyeng Yang were as sheep without a shepherd, till Rev. Chang Sik Kim rallied his drooping spirit, and with Divine enthusiasm cared for the flock. The Church membership grew.

I began working in Chungsan, where at that time we started a Church, and the magistrate of the county became a Christian. In the Spring of 1896, Dr. E. D. Follwell was sent by the Missionary Society to Pyeng Yang to take Dr. Hall's place. Later I became his language teacher. In the same summer Rev. W. A. Noble and his family came to Pyeng Yang to live. The Churches began to expand and grow. Dr. Noble founded not only many Churches, but many Boy's Schools throughout the country. Dr. Follwell wanted me to itinerate as a Bible Colporteur so as to hasten the distribution of Bibles in the

interior. I felt the great importance of this work and continued as a Colporteur, till a vacancy occurred in the Boy's School, where I was more needed so I came under the employment of Dr. Noble, and remained in school work for three years. The school grew from 24 pupils when I began, to 60 or 70 in a few months. In 1899, I was sent to take charge of the Church work in the newly opened port of Chinnampo. That winter the Lord blessed my preaching and the membership grew from 7 or 8 Christians to 70 or 80. Chapels were established at three other places. In three years there was a Church following in Chinnampo of over 300.

In 1903, Rev. J. Z. Moore arrived in Pyeng Yang, Rev. C. D. Morris had come a few years previously. Mr. Moore needed a language teacher and the Boy's School another teacher so again I was called to Pyeng Yang. From then on I became an itinerating preacher. Alone and with Dr. Moore, I made long trips through North Pyeng Yang Province over high mountains and through deep valleys, preaching the Gospel : was saved from drowning in deep waters, and was kept from illness in the scorching heat of the

summer. God gave me Songs of Gladness all the way. One place I visited was on the other side of a very steep mountain which was nearly seven miles up and down. One point was called "The Hermits' Knoll." another, "The First Village of Heaven." The latter was on a high pinnacle. Always, as I climbed so high, and beheld the granduer of the scene, I was deeply awed. I couldn't help singing praises to God. As I rested on the mountain top, I composed the following, singing it as on I went.

Sing I a Song of the beauty of the mountains.

Glorious and fine,

Embroidered with clouds and tinkling with
fountains Grand and sublime,

Ten thousand peaks and ten thousand valleys,
Praise I with rhyme.

Loving Thee so, I'm pierced with ecstasies,
Maker Divine.

For six years I itinerated over those mountains, then resigned from the Ministry, because of ill health and age, but continued teaching in Mission schools. For some time, I have been confined to my home. Our Lord still takes care of me.

E'en down to old age, my heart is at peace, and
full of gratitude to my God.

Mr. Whoang died in 1927.

Autobiography by Mrs. Lulu Chu Kim.

A daughter of a Sorceress ;
Called "Demon Possessed ;
Restored to her right mind.

**Autobiography of Mrs. Lulu Chu Kim.
A Bible Woman on the Hai Ju District.**

JESUS is my Refuge—

I was born at the foot of Wha Chang Mt. in Kai Sung Co., Kyung Ki Province, Korea, the 24th of April, 1879. There were four of us in our family, my parents, my brother Chang Nok, and myself. Since my parents were very poor, they sent me, when I was only four years old, to live with my maternal grandmother in Hai Ju.

At my grandmother's home, there hung in the living-room an unframed drawing of the General of the Demons. Grandmother was a sort of Sorceress and made her living by deceiving the people in telling them that the General Demon had the power of good and evil over them, and would send blessing or calamity according to the way they paid her to sacrifice food and clothing to him. The people came and prostrated them-

selves before the picture.

When I was five years old my father suddenly disappeared, and for a long time we did not know whether he were dead or alive. My mother was very anxious about him, then she began worrying over the thought that probably she hadn't been sacrificing enough to the spirits or demons, and had entirely neglected the Spirit General of War, Kwoan Kong, and that he as a punishment had sent this calamity to her. She then began sacrificing to him. First, she had seven pictures of the General drawn and colored on sheets of tough paper and had them pasted on the walls of her home. Like my grandmother had done before her, she spread the news among the neighborhood that the seven pictures had the power to give blessing or calamity according as they were sacrificed to or neglected. The people were easily deceived about it, and the livelihood of the family was thus maintained.

Soon after this, I returned home to live with my mother. As I grew older, I was annoyed that my mother and grandmother should both be so superstitious. I often sighed, and questioned about how we could make our living with-

out those images in our home.

Near our house, was an old fashioned school, where men and boys learned the Chinese Classics, reading aloud and memorizing all day long. 'Ah,' said I, 'Why was I born a girl—a girl like all the rest who never learn any letters or any books? Night and day, I rebelled in my heart about it all.

One day, a visitor who came to our house, read through two volumes of a story book. It impressed me deeply, and I reasoned that reading or business or anything of value required exertion and attention. I began to believe that any one, either male or female, if he applied himself diligently to accomplish a given object, would succeed. I therefore, began to study the Korean Syllabus, and in ten days was able to read.

In 1894, when I was 15 years old, the Japo-Chinese War began. Also, my brother Chang Nok aged 18, had already been away from home a few years—he having followed some clue as to where my father might be and was going up and down the land trying to find him. Japanese troops were going through Korea to China

to fight the Chinese. A rumour was abroad that no young girl was safe should she be where the soldiers might see her, so my mother fled with me to the deep recesses of the mountains. There, in Su Pong Kol, Tong Myun, my mother arranged a marriage for me. I was married Dec. 14, 1895—at the age of 16 to Kul Sip Kim, the 2nd son of a very poor farmer. I had suffered poverty from my infancy, so I regretted keenly that I still had to be so poor. Nevertheless, I had been trained to believe that if such were my fate I must abide by it and obey implicitly the instructions or commands of my parents-in-law, and of my husband. So I went out into the fields with my hoe, and did whatever I could with the farm work. A daughter-in-law is not only under the authority of her parents in-law and her husband, but also of that of the elder brother-in-law and his wife. It so happened, that try as I might, I couldn't please any of the in-laws, and they beat me and persecuted me in many ways till it was unendurable.

I returned to my mother's home and for seven or eight months tried to forget the indignities that had been heaped upon me. I read many

old Korean stories, and time passed pleasantly till my father-in-law sent word that I was to return to their home as quickly as a meteor could fall. I knew that I couldn't stand again the persecutions that I would receive, but I also knew that they would not allow me to remain with my mother, so I had to go, but decided that before going I would let my mother and grandmother know what I had decided to do and that decision was to stay as long as I could stand it at my parents-in-law's home, then slip away some opportune time and climb up into the Mountains to a Buddhist Nunnery, have my hair cut and become a Buddhist nun. After that my plan was to go out on a long pilgrimage and seek my long lost father and my brother.

After reaching my parents-in-law's home it was even worse than before, and I spent the days working and suffering and longing for an opportunity to escape.

As I reasoned about it, I wondered of what avail it would be if, without carefully laid plans, I simply escaped from where I was into more grievous trouble, or perhaps lost my life in the mountains. While I was still longing for an op-

portunity to escape my hardships, a little son was born to me in 1899, when I was 20 years of age. All my previous schemes and plans passed away as when the sun dries the dew on the grass in the morning. Nevertheless, though my whole self was wrapped up in my son, my worry about my father and brother being lost was as a flame of fire in my heart, but I knew then that I could never go to try to find them and at last was forced to believe that wild animals had destroyed them.

One day, in 1901, I met for the first time, a Christian woman. She told me it was sinful to worship idols and images of demons; that Jesus Christ, God's only Son had come to the world to suffer for our sins and to show us the Way of Salvation; and that He died on the cross for us. I listened in wonder to her words and was greatly touched and said to her. 'Since I am under the authority of my parents-in-law, I cannot immediately believe in Jesus, but if you will go to my grandmother and lead her to Christ, I will be greatly indebted to you!'

She promised to try to persuade my grandmother to believe. She went to her home, and

earnestly plead with her. My grandmother became a Christian. Soon afterwards she gathered together all the offerings to the demons, and the pictures of demons and brought them to the little Devil House in the rear of her home. She made a bon-fire of them all, praying for strength to fearlessly see them go up in flames. My mother, though, didn't begin to believe until three years later. Dr. Geo. Heber Jones bought a house in her town to be used as a church and persuaded Mr. Ha to start a school in the building and teach without any salary. The little school and church prospered.

My parents-in-law on hearing that my grandmother and mother were believing in Jesus, scornfully laughed and said that they had gone to the "Learning of God" the name given to the Roman Catholics who had been so hated, ridiculed, persecuted, and killed by order of the Regent, Tai Won Kun, in 1866.

I had been distressed and ashamed when my people had worshipped demons, and, hearing them ridiculed by my relatives-in-law and the neighbors because they had become Christians, I was again distressed and ashamed, so decided to

make them a visit and remonstrate with them. On arriving home my mother began to tell me of the wonderful things that she had learned about the creation of the heavens and the earth, of Adam and Eve's sin, of Noah's Ark and the Flood, of Jesus coming into the world and bearing the sins of the world on the cruel cross, and of the coming Judgment Day.

I listened to my mother's stories, and my heart was stirred, but believing that I couldn't live a Christian life back at my parents-in-law, I was very unhappy.

From the time of the birth of my son, I had been in poor health. When I was 24 years old, one night, the 24th of Feb., I had a child and a severe head ache. I became very ill, and for a week couldn't sleep. I lay on my mattress on the floor but had no doctor or medicine. The family called in a Sorceress. He told them that I was possessed of the Chang Su or General Demon, and if I lived I would do some work that the country would take note of, and that it would be wise not to give me any medicine. I lived, but my mind was affected.

The 5th of July, my grandmother came to see

me. My mother-in-law asked her if she could not expel the demon from me by some of her writings, as she, my mother-in-law, had heard that the Catholics were exorcising demons. My grandmother sat down by me and began singing hymns, and praying for me. All night she sat there reading her Bible and occasionally singing and praying. Before this, for months I had been confined to my bed and had no appetite, but that next morning I felt better and wanted my breakfast and gradually felt well again. Grandmother said that I should believe in Jesus, become a Christian, and praise God for His marvelous work in healing me. She gave me a Hymn Book and told me to read it and to pray much, then returned to her home.

The night she left, I couldn't sleep. I thought of useless, vain things. My imagination ran riot. I would think of what my grandmother had said and would say 'Yes, that is truly a good religion. Could I be a Christian and learn to become a Bible woman?' Then, again, I would reason—'No, that is only a superstitious religion. How could one believe the stories of the Bible?'—Nevertheless-nevertheless—it seems so good. So

on through the night, I reasoned about it so much that my head ached.

Morning came, and found my eyes still wide open, I opened the door and looked out, I saw the moon and the Morning Star. Alone I stood and thought—‘Who created the moon, and the pink dawn? Surely it is true that there is a God’—While I was saying ‘Surely there is a God who created all things,’ the brightness of the sun-rise burst upon the world.

I ate my breakfast early; cared for my 5 years old son, and told my parents-in-law that I wanted to go home for a visit. They consenting, I took the child and left the house. On the way over the hills and through the valleys a man leading a cow followed me. Where ever I turned, he turned. For long hours this continued, and in a frenzy of fear, I turned upon him and fiercely reprimanded him. In my weak state and carrying a heavy child part of the way, this was too much for me, and I became really insane. I spoke in various tones and voices, and did many wretched things. My looks sadly changed, and being dangerous for others I was kept bound in my mother’s house.

Afterwards, my mother-in-law came occasionally to visit me and in pity would loose my bonds. Seeing this, I wanted to return home with her, and she wanted to take me. However, my mother, grandmother, and the pastor of the Methodist Church there opposed my going, as they knew that should I go, that the superstition and Demon worship there, would lead the family to take me to the Sorcerer and the Sorceress and make me subject to the demons.

Ah, the pity of it! our people living without knowledge of the Light; slaves of demonology! How could we who have come into the Light ever go back to demons?

My mother-in-law angrily said to my mother—"In spite of the fact that you bore her, she belongs to my family and I shall take her with me. I'll let her do just as she likes."

When we arrived at my parents-in-law's home, a blind Sorcerer was called. Daily for half a month he chanted the Canon, (a book on Spiritualism, the Ok Chu Kyeng.) This book was written before Buddha or Confucius, and is supposed to have been written 2697 B.C.—by the Yellow Emperor and by Nocha who is also called

“the Old Philosopher,” “The Father of Taoism” “The Spirit of the Ground,” or “The Center of the Cardinal Points.” The blind sorcerers learned the Canon by heart. It was believed that if the Canon were read continuously for a time, that the ghosts and evil spirits would flee.

I still spoke recklessly of Bible verses and future judgment while slandering the Church, but withal would chant that I believed there was only one true God. This angered the blind sorcerer. He had me bound, and beat me with a branch of a peach tree, till I was covered with blood and bruises from head to heel, and I remained insane. The blind man had been receiving his wages till all the funds possible to be raised by my parents-in-law had gone into his purse. Seeing this, the blind sorcerer ran away leaving me worse than ever and the family impoverished.

My mother-in-law seldom left me alone, but one day while she was away working in the fields a strange thing penetrated to my disordered mind. As I sat alone, I looked again at a rafter upon which was a paper bundle. My curiosity being aroused, I reached for it and found it to

be some tracts, and a portion of the Scriptures which were printed by the Roman Catholic Church. After reading all the papers, I saw that back of where they had been on the shelf was a bottle of water. As I examined it, it seemed to be some medicine water. The thought came to me that if this medicine could be sprinkled on my poor body, bruised with the peach tree branch by the blind sorcerer, and that I could, when it was being applied, have faith in Jesus having shed His blood to save me, that I might be healed. There was no one there to teach me so I applied the water to my body. Within a few hours my wounds began to heal, and I felt myself gaining in strength. God answered my faith even though it were shrouded in superstition.

My mother-in-law on returning and learning what had occurred, said that she had watched me strive with the demons so long to no avail that she had felt that I must try now to be a Christian, so she had obtained the bottle of what the Catholics called "Holy Water" and those tracts and portions of Scripture, and had placed them there where I might find them and be

drawn some way into believing in Jesus for she felt that help might possibly be obtained in that way. She had followed her ideas of propitiating evil spirits, and had placed those articles on a rafter. Formerly there was a ceremony or custom for propitiating Him whom they called the Highest God. The Sorcerer and others with the hostess of the house when they wished to propitiate the Supreme God who was never known as "the Father" would take clear water in a vessel or bottle and offer it to Him, hoping thus to avoid some calamity or to secure some material blessing.

At that opportune time, my mother came to see me, and seeing my bruised body, asked whose sin had caused me so much suffering. She urged me to come home with her. My mother-in-law said—"We have used up all we have in trying to cure her, but in vain, now you take her and see what you can do.

So, I returned to my mother's home, the last of July, 1905. The next day, I began attending Church with my mother. From the time I began attending Church I felt much better. For the first time in my life I was able to offer a real

prayer of thanksgiving to God. I prayed thus :
 ' Oh, Lord, my heart is full of gratitude that Thou
 dost look upon Thy child whose reason is gone—
 Oh ! Lord, put Thine hand upon me and take away
 all of my diseases.' My head was still much
 swollen and there were abscesses from the
 wounds. After my prayer of faith, my head
 seemed hot as fire ; the exuding from the wounds
 seemed intensified till they seemed to be cleaned
 out. Then the fever left me, and with it the
 torturing unreason of my brain. I was again in
 my right mind, rested, whole, I knew that God
 had heard and answered my prayer. Every day
 thereafter, I sang a song of thanksgiving and
 glorified my God. From that day of cleansing,
 my Lord has kept me safe with a clear mind.

,Sept. first, 1905, Miss Mary M. Hillman and
 Miss Lulu H. Miller of the Woman's Foreign
 Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal
 Church came from Chemulpo on an itinerating
 trip to Hai Ju. At that time I went to my
 grandmother's house and attended there some of
 the Bible Study meetings, studying Matthew's
 Gospel for the first time. Oct. 15th of that
 year, I became a Probationer of the Church, and

in December I was baptized and received the name Lulu.

Since I was then wholly recovered in body and mind, I felt that I shouldn't linger longer with my mother, but should return to my husband and parents-in-law. My husband was a fierce persecutor of Christians, and there was no Church in that village. Still as a wife, I had no choice but to return. The first Sunday after my arrival there, I believed that I should attend some Church service, and thus honour my Lord. The nearest Church was 6 miles away, and nearer my mother's home. I went to the service and on my return my husband came into the house carrying a club with which he beat me cruelly saying—"You are subject to me and you must stop going to Church and being a Christian." I answered, 'though you kill me, I cannot reject my Saviour.' He said that if I must believe in Jesus, to do so in our own house, but that I must not go to Church. Nevertheless, I couldn't abide by his command.

The following Sunday, he went out of our door and stood in the road leading to the Church thus blocking my way. I awaited an opportunity and

though it came late for the service, I felt that I must go, so unbeknown to the household, I took my new Bible and Hymn book and I left the house. A snow storm came on. Soon, there was a foot of snow in the road. Knowing that I would be late for the service I spread out my arms and ran. As I ran, I heard behind me a loud enraged voice calling "Stand still there." I stopped in my tracks, much frightened. Turning round, I saw my husband coming after me, a long stick in his hand. There was only time for me to exclaim 'Aigo-Moni' (a Korean expression "Oh, mother") when he was beside me mercilessly beating me. Snow was then on field and mountain, like dazzling silver showered over the world. On all sides of us no one was in sight. As my husband kept on beating me, I cried out in prayer to God.

When my husband had rushed out of our house and through the village, some men saw him, and afterwards said that he looked like a fierce animal out for prey, so fearing that he would kill me they followed after. Coming up to us where he was still beating me they pulled him away. When he saw that his efforts to kill me

were frustrated, he said to me—"If you ever let my eyes rest upon you again I'll truly kill you." I answered 'Then I'll try to keep out of your sight.'

My head and body were bruised, and my skirt was torn nearly to shreds. I folded the skirt, took the turban cloth that had fallen from my head, and bound it about my body, then started on toward my mother's home. On seeing me, my mother was startled and said—"What work is this? What has happened?" I answered, 'Mother, since my husband is an unbeliever, would not this be the way he would do? We as Christians must endure persecutions?' I changed my garments and went to the Church service though it was very late. Afterwards in talking to the preacher, I told him that I couldn't return to my Parents-in-law's home and asked his advice as to what to do. He told me that the Methodist W.F.M.S. were then trying to get young women to go to Seoul and take training in their hospital to become nurses, and asked me if I would like to go and be trained as a nurse. I said it would please me to do so and the next day, I went by steamer from Haiju to

Seoul via Chemulpo . At the latter place I went to call on the Missess Hillman and Miller, then went on to Seoul where I stopped at an inn. I asked the inn keeper to find out if they still wanted new women for training. He found that the Doctor and Head Nurse would select new candidates in the spring. I then returned to Chemulpo and told the two Missionaries there all about it. They asked me if I would be able to teach girls in a Primary School. I felt too ill prepared to be a teacher, but the ladies said that if I would go and build up a Girl's School, teaching the girls to read and write in the native syllabary, they would pay me five yen a month. I was delighted to do so, and returned to Haiju and began that work.

After beginning the school, I began to attend the Fall and Spring Bible Institutes held in Pyeng Yang and superintended by Mrs. W. A. Noble. Pyeng Yang is 300 li or about 100 miles from Haiju which distance I walked there and back each Fall and Spring for some years. When the train was put through from Sairiwon, I walked to that station and then rode in from there, till after 5 years of strenuous travelling and study-

ing I received my diploma.

Mrs. Noble with great love urged me after that to continue to come as often as I could and attend the Normal Institute. So, through her direction and helpfulness, the results of my studying were that for many years I have been teaching the Bible and other subjects, and can read in the Mixed Chinese Classics and Native Script the Old and the New Testaments, the magazines and the newspapers—For all of this I give thanks and glory to God.

When I began to teach the Girl's school in Haiju, and to do Bible Woman's work, there were only seven Christians, men and women in Haiju, and only seven girls in the school. The Church was a building of but 2 kan (one kan is 8 by 8 ft.) In the middle of the Church was a curtain dividing the men and the woman and they sat on the floor. The form of service which we held was much like family prayers, but the Christians were faithful in their attendance and in only a few months 20 new women were added to the Church.

My joy triumphed over the resentment that came to me when, as I went about witnessing

for Jesus in the Pagan homes I would often hear people say to the younger women—"Look, there's a young woman who refuses to live with her parents-in-law, so she takes up with the Jesus' Doctrine and gads about. Now, if you get tired of your parents-in-law, that's what you can do, Ha! Ha!"

Gradually I felt that I hadn't been as good a and wife daughter-in-law as I might have been; that I had striven for my freedom in worshipping God without trying hard enough to win my husband's sympathy. Had I been more considerate of my husband's ignorance in his hatred of Christianity, and had plead with him and tried to get his consent to let me for awhile worship at home one Sunday and the alternate Sunday go to Church, maybe things might have been different.

I talked all about it to my mother and asked her to go and see what, even then, she could do for me about my returning to them and still live a Christian life. Following my mother's visit to them, soon they consented for me to return. I resigned my work as a Bible woman and school teacher and returned to my parents-in-law's house.

According to an arrangement agreed upon, one Sunday I worshipped God at home and the next attended Church, but they soon began to taunt and revile me for so doing. I patiently endured all that they did, and for 10 months lived with them.

The neighbors and the family gradually stopped persecuting me and began to praise my docility and spoke of me as having become an ideal wife. That peaceful time didn't continue long, however, for trouble began to assail the household and suspicions were placed upon me as their cause. My husband's uncle died and they said it was a retribution to the household because I prayed to God and didn't appease the demons. I prayed earnestly that the whole family might learn of Jesus the Light that shineth in darkness.

In Jan., 1907, my husband on returning from a trip was taken very ill. I was alarmed when I saw him. He said that he was through with fighting against a belief in God, that from that time on, he also, would believe in Jesus. He begged me to call in the Christians of that vicinity to pray for him and to sing the Chris-

tian's hymns of praise. His illness was long continued.

That year in Feb. I gave birth to a child. I longed to nurse my poor husband back to health, but I could only pray, and talk of religious things with him. He said he was sorry that he had waited so long to accept Christ as his Saviour, but, that now he wanted to recover his health sufficiently to attend a Church service even if for only once before he should pass on to heaven to be with Jesus.

My mother came and had my husband carried to her home where she could care for him, and one day he was able to attend the Church service as he had so longed to do. After that he lived but five days, then joyfully passed on to Glory.

I knew that I shouldn't murmur over things that might or might not have been, but should live a true Christian life and then some day I would meet my husband again. The things we do not understand now will be made clear to us in the future.

I placed my all upon God's altar and was strengthened for the duties to come. I delighted in my two children and faithfully did my work.

In the fall of the same year, my eldest child died. In the present or the past, in the Orient or in the Occident, human nature is much the same. So through just listening to or reading these stories of my life, perhaps tears may flow and wet the jacket strings. After the death of my child, the neighbors again pointed at me in derision, saying "There she is, the woman who would be a Christian: It did her lots of good, didn't it? Her husband died and now her child is dead. Soon she'll follow, so there, that's what comes of being a Christian." At times I was nearly discouraged, nevertheless I hung on to my faith.

Several months passed, then Miss Hillman again engaged me as a Bible woman, and sent me to a new place. The Psalms say. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"—Truly, after 6 years of seed sowing in Kang-Yung, my former persecutions and troubles had no more power to make me down cast. As fruits of my labor, 17 Churches were founded where Christians gathered to worship God, and there were over a hundred believers added to the Churches in that section. After that, my former persecutions and sorrows were battles

overcome and were my crown in the Lord.

Between Christians, temptations and misunderstandings are truly things to be feared. While I worked in Kang Yung, had my heart not been fixed on God, I should have fallen into a great sin, but, thanks be to Him, when temptation came, He made me strong and gave me power to humbly confess to God, and become a strong, enduring Christian. Through this trial, I learned the deep lesson that each human being is subject to temptations, and cannot depend upon his own strength to conquer them.

1910, I was sent to Paik Chun. I was happy to live there and do Bible woman's work, especially so, since there was a school in the place where I could send my son, Myungsin. About this time, my mother-in-law and sister-in-law became Christians. My whole life's desire seemed then to be fulfilled.

I travelled about among 20 towns and villages spreading the Gospel in the Paik Chun Circuit and training Christians. From there I went to Yunan in the fall of 1918. My son Myungsin had already graduated from the Mission Boy's Middle School, in Seoul, Pai Chai Haktang, and

was a student at the Chosen Christian College.

The next year, 1919, in March, at the time of Korea's trial for Independence, my son became implicated in some way, and was captured and put in prison. I resigned my position as Bible woman and for 4 months went from place to place where prisons were located trying to find out where my son was. Finding him, I staid near the prison so that I could send him food and sometimes clothing. Afterwards, I returned to Haiju to do Bible Woman's work.

This is not the place to tell of the work and the severe illness of my son in prison, but, when he came out in 1920, he was married to Rev. Kay Whack Pak's daughter, Kyengsim.

I couldn't refuse Mrs. Noble's request to write a story of my life, though I haven't much wisdom, and I do not know how to express myself in writing, but according to the events of the years as they have come to my mind I have written them.

Some points, I use in helping people in my Bible Woman's Work are as follows:

- 1st. To those persecuted for the Gospel's sake, I tell of my persecutions overcome through

God's grace, and by my leaning on the promises of my saviour.

2nd. To those who are sorely tried through great sorrow, I tell of how the Lord blessed me, when I passed through afflictions.

3rd. To those who are nervous, or afraid of the shadows of a disarranged mind, I tell of losing my mind and being called demon possessed, and then how God, in His great love, brought me out into the sunshine of His peace and reason.

4th. To anyone meeting a great temptation, I tell of mine and of how I overcame through the strength of the Lord.

We can be conquerors through Him Who loves us-Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

Kyo Young Yi

A man of the Gentleman Class,
A Chinese Scholar,
One of the Chamberlains in the Royal Palace,
A Prefect,
A Local Preacher,
A Teacher in a Christian school.

Kyo Young Yi.

I was born in 1860 in Kyengki Province in Yaju. When I was 6 years old, my father died, and I went with my mother to live at my great uncle's home. My great uncle was a noted scholar of the old school. He brought me up as his own son, and taught me the Chinese Classics. At the age of 16, I was ready to take the Government examinations for scholars, that were yearly held under the auspices of the Emperor. Scholars who passed the examinations were given government positions. To get into the lesser or the greater Imperial examinations was about as hard as to pluck a star out of the sky. I came up to Seoul trying to get into them, but years went by and I was twenty years old without being able so to do, and without work in the Government.

In 1886, the Korean Government started its

first English Language School. The king employed the Chinese Consul, Mr. Soee Tang to teach English in the school, and soon afterwards an Englishman, Mr. Halifax, came and taught the same. I was fortunate in being one of the boys to enter this first school where English was taught.

It didn't continue long. The Government then started a better one with four foreigners as teacher's, two of them being Rev. D. A. Bunker, and Mr. H. B. Hulbert. The students were sons of the highest officials. The king would send invitations for the sons of specially privileged ones to attend. None but those so invited could enter. 40 or 50 attended. Most of these young men had already some civilian or literary office in the Government. Military offices were looked down upon.

When those students of the English Language School attended school, they would ride to and fro upon horses or in palanquins. Their school books would be wrapped up and carried by personal servants. The king would select those for office or for rank from this school. I, not being called by the king, and living away in the

country, could have no chance to obtain rank.

We learned of the opening of a boy's school called the Pai school, under the auspices of the Methodist Missionaries who had come in the spring of 1885 to Seoul. The news had gotten about that they taught reverence to One God only, and those who followed their Doctrine gave up ancestral worship. The people laughed over it, and many reviled. Never-the-less, since I had formerly begun the study of English and wanted to continue, I disregarded their revilings and planned to enter Pai Chai as a student. In Sept., 1887, I was registered there.

As yet, the Old and New Testaments were only begun to be translated into the Korean, and translated portions were rare. I read a magazine that came to the school from Shanghai, China, written in Chinese. Reading it, I learned from "Stories from Genesis," of the Creation of the world; about Adam and Eve; and the History of Noah and the flood. I hunted the Chinese words in the Chinese—English Dictionary for the sake of studying the English. It was my first knowledge of those wonderful events. I went to the Principal, Rev. H. G. Appenzeller,

and asked him to explain their meaning. He was much pleased and explained carefully and minutely.

At that time, the Dormitory and Class Rooms of Pai Chai were in a tiled roofed building near the city wall down below the present Pai Chai buildings. In a few years, gifts came from the missionary society to build a new Boy's school building. It was built of brick, the first building built of brick in all Korea, and was also the first school of western learning in Korea. (That building, which later was used as a Chapel was torn down in 1929).

In those early years, the Korean people opposed Christianity and did not care to look into its doctrines. Those who called themselves Christians were not at first Seoul people, but people who came from Peking, Mukden, Anju and other places who had already during their travels, heard the Gospel preached by missionaries from the Occident.

The early Portions of Scripture which were available were not very clearly translated and the bindings were unattractive. Never-the-less, the Bible not being a book printed or written

merely to give pleasure or knowledge, but being the Word of God, a Book of Power, many of those who read it or heard it read were converted and became real Christians.

In 1866, the Korean Government sent out an edict to kill all the Christians, meaning those of the Roman Catholic faith, they being the only Christians in the land. Many French priests and hundreds of native converts were then massacred. Treaties were made later with Western Nations, and religious freedom granted, so, the Government couldn't forbid the people to become Christians though privately they hated them. The people in those days frequently threw stones at the Churches, and when they met a Christian they would look at him with glaring hatred.

During those years, before 1890, in the city and in the country, many children were lost and it was declared that westerners stole children, took out their eyes and their livers and ate them or made medicine of them.

It was then unwise to build a Church on or near a Main street, as it was a dangerous thing to be heard to sing and to hold a service. I secretly learned that Christian services were be-

ing held in a poor small building at Sachusakol, a side street inside the South Gate. I sought and found the place and saw a baptismal service going on. I began then to desire to enter the Church and to be baptized as those there were. I committed to memory the 10 Commandments; the Apostles Creed; and the Lord's Prayer; and meditated on their meaning. I was made happy, when, not so long afterwards, I also, received Baptism. I studied the Portions of Scripture already translated, and believed fully the stories in Genesis, but somewhat doubted at first the Apostles Creed. Years later my doubts all vanished, and my soul was satisfied.

Once, I started out to engage in some unsavory work for gain, but lost all that I had put into it, my money and my time. I returned disappointed and saddened. Had I not learned of Jesus, I should have gone on from bad to worse; but, instead I bitterly repented of my sin and decided that come what might, I would endure any thing, so as to live the way that Jesus would have me to live.

Many Bible verses that especially had been of great blessing to me and some of the teachings

of the Bible Prophets and saints, I committed to memory, and repeated them to myself as I walked along the roads. For a year I did this most diligently and my knowledge of things Divine was greatly helped in this way. Through the mercy of my Heavenly Father, my future that had seemed so dark, became clear. I made a friend who sympathized with me and helped me out of my sorrows. He also was instrumental in having me appointed as one of the Chamberlains in the Royal Palace. There I frequently had audiences with His Majesty, the Korean Emperor. His glory seemed to shine even on me. Soon, I learned that there was a vacancy in one of the Provinces, the Prefectural Office at Fusan. I sent my application for the position to the King and the High Officials and was accepted.

At Fusan, unless some thing very special came up to prevent, I attended the Christian Sunday services and kept the Sabbath Day. Generally, I took some one from the prefectural office with me, did personal work, and occasionally preached at the services. Through God's blessing, I can say good was accomplished during those years.

Later, I was transferred to Kunsan as a Prefect. There was then a Southern Presbyterian Church 3 miles away, but none at Kunsan, proper. Through my contribution, 1906, of 70 yen a Church was built there. The work grew, and it is now a leading Church in Southern Korea.

I resigned my official position a year before the annexation of Korea by Japan. Since then I have twice visited Kunsan. The Church attendance now is over 100, I found an enthusiastic Sunday School. It seemed as I went about that part of the country that there were Churches on most of the hills. I was told that the property belonging to the Church in that section would now be worth 100,000 yen. The warm welcome I received in Kunsan after having been away years was most pleasing to me. After resigning from political life, I entered the Church work at Kongju, and lived there 10 years, being in turn, a class leader, an Exhortor and a Local Preacher. I there consecrated my life to the work of the Church. Nearly all of my family became Christians while we were at Kongju.

I spent several years at Kongju in work with Rev. W. C. Swearer in preparing Study Courses

for the Theological Seminary. In Feb., 1917, a great revival swept through the Kongju Church, Men and women bemoaned their sins, weeping bitterly, so that it seemed as a place where death reigned, and surely it was a time of the dying out of sin in the hearts of the people. I listened for a time untouched. Then, Mrs. R. A. Sharp's protege, Rev. Ik Pyo Oh who lost his life in Vladivostok some yrs. ago, preached at the morning service with great power. He preached on "The Prayer of Mordecai," and how through his earnest prayers to God for help he was able to save his people from being massacred. I was deeply touched and overwhelmed with my inaction regarding my country and my Church. I cried for mercy, pounding the floor with my fists as I prostrated myself in prayer. I prayed till I was unconscious. Finally, I drank a bowl of cold water and felt much better. I had not prayed through for forgivings and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. I did not feel at peace, but felt a sort of pride in having humbled myself as the others had. I had never questioned the saintliness of the missionary or the native preachers, but at this time I felt not brave, but

bold, and asked the native pastor and Rev. W. C. Swearer if they themselves had received the Holy Spirit. I expected to see them embarrassed, but they were not. Mr. Swearer very humbly said "Ah! Yes, I have." His meekness and his gentleness conquered the sin in my heart, and then and there. I received the Holy Spirit.

At the time of the Independence movement in Korea, beginning March first, 1919, my two sons and myself were arrested as political suspects. We three were confined with many others in the same police office. At the time we were taken, the Kongju Church was surrounded by police and gendarmes. Many of the Church members including many students were arrested and subjected to much suffering. I was kept at the police station two weeks, but as nothing could be found against me, the police released me, admonishing me to keep close to my Church work. Many of the others, men and women, boys and girls were imprisoned several months. Some were sentenced to 2 or 3 yrs. of hard labor; some of them were put under suspended sentences to remain in their home section under constant surveillance or investigation night or

day. The calamity to the Church was like that of a great flood to a town. The work of the pastor who was in prison, was assigned to me, and with God's help, I did the best for it that I knew how. Kongju is where I was born again in Christ Jesus. Our home was two miles from the Church and for 10 yrs. in all kinds of weather I attended the services. Often after special meetings I would return home after 12 o'clock, and sleeping only a few hours would be back at the Church for Day Break Prayer Services. The joy received from the services was so great that I didn't feel tired. At times, I seemed to hear the voice of God as music in my ears. At times, I was so ill, I felt that it was unwise for my health's sake to go, but if I had been asked to preach or lead a service, I felt so deeply the sacredness of the calling, and that if I could possibly get there that I must go. Going, I would throw my whole strength into the message, when lo, my weakness would leave me. For some years, while I prayed for the brethren, I did not ask them to pray for me, but after those great revivals, I surely wanted the brethren to pray for me and often requested

their prayers. I realized the importance to one's own spiritual life of doing personal work for the Master, so sought out people to try and win them for Jesus. I also sent letters to my old school friends to try and win them, and to help keep them true.

Once, when I returned to Seoul, I met one of my old schoolmates. A revival was being held at the Chong Dong Church, I invited him to go with me and was exceedingly happy, when he promised to do so. At the close of the sermon the pastor requested that all who wished to continue in prayer for greater blessings should remain. I persuaded him to remain longer for further blessings. Soon many were praying together, audibly, and some were penitently weeping over their sins, some victoriously praising God. I was lost in prayer. On arising, I found that my friend had quietly slipped away. The next day when I visited him, he ridiculed the whole meeting. I began to realize that sins of the Pharisees are worse than other sins. That friend had the form of Christianity but not the heart. He was a noted scholar and well to do. His only son, who was very clever, studied in

Pai Chai and then in Japan. On his return he obtained a fine position, but one day, while he was drunk, he fell from a high swing and was killed. His parent's hearts were broken. From this I was impressed with the great teaching that parents should seek first the kingdom of heaven for themselves and for their children.

I have never seen a righteous man or woman go down to death without hope. David, King of Israel wrote in Psalms 37-25, "I have been young and am old yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." In my long years of service I surely have learned that God takes care of His own.



“ We did not know the names
of all the spirits that we worshipped ”.

Dorcas Kim Kang.

A Country Itinerating Bible Woman.

Recounts the joy of a Woman Receiving a Name.

A Recipient of Abounding Grace.

Dorcas Kim Kang.

SURELY, I am the recipient of abounding grace, having been led with my family out of the bondage of the fear of demons into the liberty of the children of God. I was born the 12th of Feb., 1848; was married when I was seventeen years old to Mr. Talsin Kang of Pyeng Yang. My sons were named Sin Young and Sin Wha, and my daughter, Sin Koon. We were in medium circumstances. My great joy was to help the poor and needy but my husband said it was my great fault, because I gave away more than we could afford.

In the vicinity of our home, every house had its offerings to many spirits or idols, trying to avert trouble by propitiating them with offerings or sacrifices. Very few houses in our country were without images and idols. In our house

we offered sacrifices to 33 so-called spirits, 22 of them whose names were unknown to us. We had built in our yard, a small spirit house for some of the spirits to reside in. It took a great deal of time to try to appease all of these spirits. We believed that if they were not appeased with gifts or sacrifices they would send calamities. We surely lived in the darkness of Paganism.

I first began to hear the name of Jesus in 1898, when I was over fifty years of age. Our family became Probationers in the Church on Christmas Day that same year.

In spite of my being 50 yrs. of age, and what we all then considered an old woman, the next month, I began attending the women's Prayer Meetings. There we studied the Bible. Reading, also, was taught to all who didn't know how to read, and there I learned to read and write. I also attended the Bible Institutes which were held every Spring and Fall.

I was received into the Church as a Probationer, was baptized and also received into full Membership by Rev. W. Arthur Noble, in 1899. The day of my baptism was the happiest day of my life. Of course I rejoiced most that I

was acknowledging the Lord as my Saviour, but I also rejoiced that freedom had come to me—a woman. The day that Jesus Christ was preached in Korea, began the emancipation of women from the bondage of thousands of years. Since my baby-hood name was, according custom, discontinued when I was about eight years old, I had never had a name. Think of it,—for nearly fifty years without a name. On my baptismal day I received a name, all my own—‘Dorcas :’ Yes, it was the happiest day of my life.

There is still a custom in the northern part of Korea of women wearing white turbans on their heads, a custom begun for the seclusion of women. While that day, the women to be baptised were kneeling at the altar in great reverence, and also joyously anticipating the receiving of their new names, none thought of removing their white turbans. As the ritual began, Dr. Noble carrying the Baptismal bowl in one hand, kept the other hand free ready to place on our heads in baptism. As he came to each one, he would call out our new names. Beside him came Mrs. Noble, who with one hand would remove a turban, and place it beside it's

owner, and, with the other, would slip into the hand of the woman who was about to be baptised, a card, having written on it the new name. Can't you feel the joy we experienced? God's daughters called by our own names!

In the early part of 1900, through the recommendation of Mrs. Noble, I was appointed as a Bible Woman Colporteur, on the Pyeng Yang Circuit under the British and Foreign Bible Society. There were already 17 Churches in the Pyeng Yang Circuit which included a few in North Pyeng Yang Province. Rev. W. Arthur Noble was the itinerating Missionary. My work included the northern section. I had to walk 195 Miles to get around it once. In the spring of 1901, I began also to work in the Whoang Hai Province. Dr. Noble had already founded 14 Churches on the Yeng Buen Circuit and there were meeting places in the Whoang Hai Provinces. He had travelled from Sin Sin Ju to Maing San in the North Pyeng Yang Province and as early as the fall of 1900 some few people in Yeng Byen city claimed to be Christians.

As I went from town to town preaching Jesus, there was much opposition. I was often slander-

ed, and spoken to angrily. At some places, they wouldn't sell me food, not even at the inns, so I often carried food with me, but many times I just fasted. To get around once to all the places where I worked, I had to walk 1450 miles.

When travelling in Anju, I ran into a band of robbers. I couldn't repeat the foul things they said to me, but I preached to them of Jesus. God took care of me, so they let me go unmolested. This opportunity which I had to preach Jesus to the band of robbers proved a great blessing for amongst them was a young man whose heart was good ground to receive the Word. He bought a Bible and studied it diligently. He gave his heart to God and became a faithful Christian. Later, he became an ordained minister of the Gospel and is known throughout Korea as a preacher of great wisdom.

At Anju on another visit, Mr. Kui Hyung Ahn and I bought, under Dr. Noble's direction, a house to be used as a Church. For doing so, the magistrate had us imprisoned for several days. Being convinced that it wasn't lawfully a question of the disturbing of the peace, he released us. As the fruit of these experiences,

the Christian work at Anju became fully founded and the Church a growing one. Early in 1901. I made a long trip to Whechun, a town 166 miles North from my home in Pyeng Yang. Of course I walked all the way on all of my trips. I was priveleged to sow the seed of the Gospel there and in many places, going and coming. The seed grew, and the next spring when Rev. C. D. Morris visited the place, he found some good believers there, and helped them burn up their Fetishes. We Koreans like to know the meanings of our names. Mrs. Noble told me that my name meant "deer" and that I traveled like a deer from mountain peak to mountain peak.

Whoang Hai Province is very mountainous, so in my itinerating, I climbed up and down many high mountains. From the summits of the mountains, I would look down upon many towns and villages where the Gospel story had never been told. I felt deeply my inadequacy to bring the Light to all of those people. My body would tremble with weakness. Then, the thought would come to me that through prayer I could be made strong: so, down I would kneel on the rocks

and lift my soul to God, pleading that He would give me strength for my tasks. God would answer me through the Bible verses I had learned, as "My strength is made perfect in weakness" and "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," I would arise strengthened for my task. With the courage which I received from the Lord I would go down amongst the villages, preaching the Word, regardless of ridicule, abuse, or physical harm. Many believed my message and became Christians.

As I recount my experiences in the Christian life, a song of thanksgiving rings in my ears.

My youngest son became a Minister of the Gospel and has won many to Jesus through his preaching and his gift of song.

Before we believed in Jesus, while we worshipped idols, we squandered much time and money, and my health was very poor, but since we became Christians, I have had perfect health, my mind has been at peace, and we have had a comfortable, happy home.

Human lips cannot describe the gratitude of

my heart for God's abounding grace so freely
bestowed upon us. 4

Rev. Pyung Hyun Choi.

One of finest scholars the Church in Korea
has known.

A Pastor, a Writer, a Teacher.

Rev. Pyung Hyun Choi.

REV. Pyung Hyun Choi was one of the finest scholars the Church in Korea has known, —A Pastor, a Writer, and a Teacher.

He was born at Potin in north Choon Chun Province. In his youth he came to Seoul to live, largely with the hopes of becoming an accepted candidate for the Government examinations of scholars in the Chinese Classics.

Every time the Emperor would send out notices that such examinations would be given, Mr. Choi would be on hand at the palace or other appointed place. Only those successfully passing the examinations would receive Government positions, and he was desirous of such a position. He soon learned that one had to have influence with the examiners if he were to succeed, and that graft and corruption were in the high places. He became not only discouraged, but indignant,

and wanted nothing more to do with political life.

Mr. Choi had a very warm friend in Mr. Young Sun Oh, a scholar and a poet who invited him to come and live with him. He went, and many were the delightful times that they together composed poetry. At this home, he met Mr. Ho Yoon, a student of the Methodist Boy's School, Pai Chai. Mr. Yoon was studying English there. One day he came to tell Mr. Choi that a Missionary, Mr. Geo. Heber Jones, was looking for a Korean man to come and help him in the study of the Korean language, and that he felt that Mr. Choi would be just the one for the work.

The next day, Mr. Choi went to see Mr. Jones, and the time for the work and the salary was decided upon. This was the first time that Mr. Choi had ever met a Western Foreigner, though he had heard wild tales about them. He had never seen blue eyes or blonde hair and Mr. Jones' eyes were blue and his hair sandy, though Mr. Choi called it yellow. He also said that Mr. Jones' voice wasn't like a human beings but like some queer kind of a bird. Mr. Choi was afraid

of him, as he seemed so different from people that he had seen. He said "It looks as though what I have heard might be true that Westerners take out people's eyes and livers and eat them, and it looks as though they do not respect kings or parents. In their faces they clearly show that they are animals. How could one reason with them on 'The Five Relationships' or on 'The Three Bonds Between Sovereign and Subject?' Since I am greatly in need of work, I'll go and work at this Foreigner's house, but how could I remain long where one could never have any mutual understanding? Of course I'll not stay long."

Another of Mr. Choi's friends, a noted scholar of the Chinese Classics, who had written a book called, "A History of the World" had frequently talked about foreigners to Mr. Choi, In his book which Mr. Choi had read was written the following. "In Judea, there was one called Jesus. He stirred up the people, deluding many and was the cause of so much confusion, that the Government punished Him and put Him to death." The friend whenever he had the opportunity would persecute Christians and beat

them. After hearing and reading so much that was so derogatory to the Christians, Mr. Choi had no desire or intention of entering the Christian Church.

He was still bitterly disappointed that he could not enter the Government Examinations, receive rank, or have a Government position. At Dr. Jones' house he constantly learned more about the Christian religion and saw strength and love in the character of the Christians, and was invited to attend the Church services. He pondered so much over the matter that he couldn't sleep nights. Then, growing sort of desperate, and feeling that since he had left off trying for the Government Examinations and would amount to nothing anyway, he decided it might be better to enter the persecuted Church and eat Yok (ridicule) for 10000 years than to continue as he was. So, he attended the Church service and began learning the truth about it.

One day, Mr. Choi, passing along the West Gate street in front of the old Mulberry palace saw a sick beggar lying beside the road. His heart was moved with pity, but feeling that he could do nothing for him, he passed on. He

turned back to watch what others might do, but they all hurried by. He walked back past him again and saw a Western man, one of the despised foreigners, come along, and stop to look at the sick man. He saw the foreigner take him to the small new hospital and learned that there they bathed him and laid him on a clean bed, and attended to him, till, after many days, he was able to leave the hospital, cured of his disease.

Mr. Choi thought it very strange that a foreigner should do so much for a poor beggar, but he was very appreciative of what had been done. He met a friend and told him about it, praising the foreigner. The friend said that it was only done as a subterfuge; that, though they had been teaching a lot about the Christian Religion, there were no converts; that this was done only to get the sympathy of people so they would believe in the Christ. Mr. Choi said afterwards that he was puzzled and didn't know what was the true interpretation of the act.

Four or five years passed by during which time Dr. Jones exhorted and plead with Mr. Choi to believe in Jesus. Not only was his respect

for Dr. Jones increasing so that he wanted to do as he requested, but, his heart was more and more stirred with a longing to accept Jesus as his Saviour and to enter into His service in the Christian Church. He was deeply sincere and finally gave his heart to God. The day before he was to receive baptism he returned to his home and told his friends of his decision to be baptised in the Christian Church. They showed how disappointed they were, and, realizing that no matter how much they might urge him to give up his decision, he wouldn't do so, they kept quiet. The next day being the Sabbath, he was about to start on his way to attend the Christian services. When he looked for his hat and coat in the clothes cabinet, they were gone and he understood the reason. His friends, knowing that he was planning on receiving baptism in the new faith that morning, and knowing that he couldn't very well go without his coat and hat, had hidden them.

The next day, when Mr. Choi went to Mr. Jones home to work, and was asked why he hadn't come to Church the day before, he explained the reasons. Mr. Jones then said that

it was probably incautious to tell the friends about it beforehand. No more was said about it, and Mr. Choi waited until a later time when a Baptismal service was to be held, and at that time was baptized by Mr. Jones, Feb. 8th, 1893.

After that his former friends and his relatives refused to have anything to do with him and in various ways he was persecuted for his religion. He, however, did not let it disturb him. He renounced all that he felt to be evil; buried his Ancestral Tablets, and threw his strength into the work of the Church. He assisted in the further translations of the Old and the New Testaments and of a number of other Christian books. There was no Unmun (a native syllabary) type for printing the books, though Koreans had invented the first type in the world for their native printing. That type had been lost and they honored only the Chinese Classics; so, when the books were ready for printing, the Mission was up against it. Mr. Choi being a very good Unmun writer, was engaged to make ten forms for patterns for the new type which was to be made in Japan for printing Korean Christian Literature, using that simple wonderful, syllabary

instead of the intricate Chinese characters.

Mr. Choi was sent to Japan with Mr. D. A. Bunker who was then a teacher in a Korean Government school, and who was to be in Japan for a while. There they had real Korean type forms molded, and portions of the Scriptures printed. After that many books in Unmun were printed from time to time in Japan, and printing presses were set up in Korea.

In 1895, Mr. Choi was appointed by the Government as a writer or Clerk in the Department of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry. He worked at that for a year, but chafed because he couldn't give as much time to the Church work as he wished; also, when he received instructions from the Chief of the Imperial Household Department to offer sacrifices at the Temples, or at the Tombs of the Royal Ancestors, or to the National Gods, he couldn't conscientiously obey, so, his not sacrificing brought him into disfavour. Consequently, he resigned from his Government position.

At the time of the ascension of Emperor Young Hui to his throne, in 1905, there arose in Korea what was called "The Righteous Army" some-

what after the fashion of the Boxers of China. All over the country the people were in fear and dread. By this time the Christians had grown in numbers and being peace loving and law-abiding they were trusted by the Government. Therefor the Government planned on selecting some Christian men of renown and with the proper qualifications, to send to different parts of the country as messengers to explain the Imperial Edict concerning the "Righteous Army." Mr. Choi was appointed to go to Choong Chung Province as such a messenger. He worked there for four months advising the people not to enter into or to have any thing to do with the "Righteous Army." Good results followed his work. He did a great deal of literary work, having written besides many articles for the Church papers, the following books; "The Bright Mirror of the Holy mountain," "A Discourse on the Differences Between the Prostestant and the Roman Catholic Religions," "Comparisons of the World's Religions," and some other books, His writings were welcomed and appreciated by the people.

He was a learned preacher with devout faith,

always glorifying the Lord Jesus. Early he became an Exhorter under the Rev. H. G. Appenzeler, He was ordained a Deacon in the Ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Korea, by Bishop Moore in May 1902—and as an Elder by Bishop Harris in 1909 and graduated from the Theological Seminary that same year. He was appointed a District Superintendent in 1914 of the Chemulpo District, and of the Seoul District in 1917. In 1923, he was appointed a teacher in the Methodist Theological Seminary. He was a delightful teacher as well as an efficient one. In all phases of his Church life he was an inspiration. He wanted his life and his home to be helpful in every way to Christian living, so in front of his desk were the following mottoes.

1. *Love*

Love the Lord more than parents, wife,
and children.

Love the Lord more than self.

2. *Judgment*

“Judge not that ye be not judged.

He that judgeth the mote in his brother's
eye, does not see the beam in his

own eye.

Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you."

3. *Prayer*

Pray in secret-meditate in silence.

Believe the Holy Spirit has come, and pray.

Stand as in the presence of the invisible throne of God.

Listen in contemplative silence without consciously breathing or smelling.

Believe, as hearing the voice of God from an invisible presence, and in this attitude have communion with God, to the exulting joy of your soul."

Besides the above mottoes he had on the walls of the rooms, mottoes for children, and for the unconverted, also a few on Sanitation and Hygiene.

To a visitor in his home his manner of caring for his household was as fresh breezes of the spring time. His wife is a fine Christian character and has done much Church work. His two sons and his daughter and all his grandchildren are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Several years ago, his health began to fail, Finally he

was confined to his bed with cancer. At the age of seventy, in 1927, the 13th of May, he slipped away from earth, and surely the ransomed rejoiced in heaven at his coming.

Many of the hundreds who received baptism by him have become teachers and preachers and will still carry on. The funeral procession that followed his bier afoot for about three miles was several abreast and several blocks long.

His works do follow him.



The style of our
bonnets had not
Changed for centuries.

Sadie Kim.

One of the finest Bible Women in Korea.

Hundreds converted through her personal
work ;

Strange customs described.

The Story of My Life.

— Sadie Kim —

ALTHOUGH I am over sixty years of age, there is nothing in me of any worth, but there is in my heart a Song of Thanksgiving for Christ's redeeming love.

A long time ago I was requested by Mrs. Noble to write a story of my life, but truly if there is anything worthy to be written, it is all linked up with the work that Mrs. Noble did for me, then led me to do, then our carrying out together in love the leadings of our Master for our Korean people.

Many years have passed. My body is not strong, and I can write of only part of my experiences. I was born, Oct. 17, 1865, at Yungyun, North Pyeng Yang Province. My parents had what was called the misfortune of having only daughters. I was the youngest of four. My

father died when I was twelve. Since it was the custom for parents to arrange for the marriage of their daughters before they became sixteen years of age, my mother betrothed me through a go-between. I was married at the age of sixteen, and went to live at my mother-in-law's house. Then brides and bride-grooms saw each other for the first time at the wedding ceremony. Even though the bride-groom might be one hundred years old that custom was adhered to. At the wedding ceremony, the bride-groom might look at the bride, but the poor bride had to have her eye-lids glued shut, or else held shut, all through the ceremony and the festivities of the day; but, strange to say, many contented marriages followed this custom. Many new customs have come into our country since then, and many are the trying experiences in the transition period between the old and the new.

I was fortunate in having entered a comfortable home with congenial people, but soon my husband died. From then began the perilous, hard life of a young widow because of lawless customs that obtained. My mother was living

with the third daughter and couldn't leave her to come to me, so bade me come to them. There was no law to protect a young childless widow. She was often stolen by some man who didn't want to, or couldn't pay for the cost of a wedding. If there was not a strong, male member of her family with power and means at his disposal, who wished to protect her, she was stolen from her home. If it got noised abroad that a young woman without a child had become a widow, some widower and sometimes, some very poor single man who wanted a wife, would get a company of men to help him, and they would come, secretly in the night, to the place where the widow lived, and, stealing her, even by force, if necessary, would carry her off on his back. Weeping and fighting were of no avail. Did the widow make a sound, the accompanying men would bind a cloth over her mouth. Ah! the misery of the lot of a helpless young widow.

Four or five years passed and I had found a refuge, a hiding place, with an elderly widow. From her home, and through the arrangements of my mother, I was married again to a kind

man, Mr. Chong Kyum Kim. He was a well to do scholar, and lived in Pyeng Yang. He was a widower with a little son and a daughter. I raised them as though they were my own children.

During the Japo-Chinese war, there was great confusion and danger in the city of Pyeng Yang. I, with many others, fled from the city for safety. We lived as refugees a year in Kunqueum, when we returned to our home.

In 1893, a Boy's Primary School was started in the First Methodist Church in Pyeng Yang, and though we were not believers we sent our son to the school. About the same time, a cousin of my husband, Mr. Suk Kyeng Oh came and plead with my husband to become a Christian. The latter said that since he frequently went to the Government offices, it wouldn't be seemly for him to believe. Then Mr. Oh came to plead with me. I asked him what advantages would be derived from becoming a Christian. He answered that homes became peaceful; men gave up their profligate ways, and worked for better homes. I had been having anxious times over my husband's conduct, and felt that if believing

in Jesus could straighten out some problems concerning him that we surely should believe. At any rate, I decided to begin.

The day I decided to believe, I attended a Church service. My husband saw me on my return, and said, "Now, our home is ruined" and struck me a fierce blow. After that, I watched for opportunities to attend Church when my husband was away, but many times, he saw me and beat me.

One Sunday morning in 1895, before rising from my sleeping mat, I was wondering how I should be able to slip away to attend the services that day. As I was wondering I seemed to hear the voice of a young girl outside calling me to hurry up and come to worship. I soon realized that I had heard the voice in a dream. I arose, and kneeling down, prayed aloud earnestly for my husband's conversion. After preparing breakfast, when I saw my husband come in to eat, his face had a different look. He said that he had heard very clearly in a dream a young girl call him that morning to come to Church and worship, and that he felt that God was answering my prayers and was calling for him. He

said that he was sorry for the way he had acted to me, and that morning he would go to Church with me. Songs of praise and gratitude to God surged through my heart. That day my husband was converted and gave in his name as a probationer in the Church.

I was an ignorant woman, and did not know how to read our simple Korean syllabary, but thank God I became able to study my beloved Bible through the printed page. I can never forget the one who came to me then and became my dearest teacher and friend, Mrs. W. Arthur Noble. She came as a missionary to Korea in 1892, but arrived in Pyeng Yang in 1896. Mr. Sukkyung Oh led me to know of our Lord, but Mrs. Noble led me to the Cross where I was born again, taught me to read, and to study the Scriptures, and led me in learning the plan of Salvation, line upon line. She is truly my mother in the Faith. Even up to the present there is no growing Church in the Methodist Churches in North or South Pyeng Yang Provinces where they have not had some of the blessed ministries of Dr. and Mrs. Noble. Their consecration was to me a great inspiration.

In the year 1897, the first organ ever heard in the northern part of Korea, was sent as a gift from America by Dr. Noble's brother, to our First Church. All the Christians were supremely happy. Such beautiful strains of music as came from that little organ had never been imagined there before. Some wept for joy, one of them being my husband, who also rhythmically swayed his body as he sang the hymns with the music of the organ, while tears of joy flowed down his cheeks.

I attended the weekly Women's Prayer meetings that Mrs. Noble held in her home. There I learned to read and write. Then we learned the Catechisms, the Temple Keeper, Outlines of the New Testament, and Lessons from the four Gospels. Gradually, the women were divided into classes and the more advanced women helped with the teaching.

It was not easy to find time for these studies, but my interest was upheld by my teacher's great interest in me. As I sewed, I studied, and later learned writing and many other subjects, including the Chinese classics.

In October, 1896, I was baptized by my Mis-

sionary Pastor, Dr. W. A. Noble, and was given the name Sadie. For years, I, like other Korean women, had no name, but, putting on the grace of our Lord, when I received baptism I also acquired a name. Korean women's release from the bondage of centuries began at the time the Christian Religion, the Jesus Doctrine, entered Korea.

In 1897, in November, Mrs. Noble began holding the first Women's Bible Institute held in the Methodist Church in Korea, and from then on they were held nearly every Spring and Fall. I began studying in them continuing as a pupil until I graduated in March, 1908, and afterwards as a teacher, though before I had received my diploma, I had also taught for many years. The Course had advanced, year by year, and as early as 1904, there were 12 grades.

In 1899, I began work as a Bible Woman, as did also Tabettha Kim, Isabelle Ye, and Dorcas Kim Kang. Once a month, our leader gave us intensive training in Bible Studies and Bible Women's Work, then sent us out two by two at first, and separately afterwards, to our respective places to work.

Tabetha and I became the Pyeng Yang and it's vicinity Bible women, and Isabelle and Dorcas, the country itinerating Bible women. Tabetha served in that capacity two years, Isabelle and Dorcas for about ten years each, and I for twenty six long years, which in my busy work for my Master, have passed as a day.

In 1902 my husband died of Cholera, and again I became a widow. I re-dedicated my soul and body to the Lord's work and have kept at it ever since. The Lord blessed me in my struggle to obtain for all of my four children a good education. My step-son, Tuksu Kim, was privileged to go to America for a Higher education. He returned safely and is doing educational work in a Church school. My three daughters were also well educated, and all are happily situated. Could this all have come to pass through my poor strength? The Lord looked upon me in my low estate and gave me grace and blessing.

1922 was the 25th anniversary of my baptism, and the 23rd year of my regular Bible Woman's Work, so the Pyeng Yang Church members celebrated my 25 years of Christian service with a special service in the First Church at Nam

San. They presented me with a gold badge as a memento of the occasion. Humbly, I thank God for His wonderful love to me.

It was a custom, some years ago, for the women in Pyeng Yang to wear or rather carry enormous hats for the seclusion of women. They were made of reeds. Lowering the hat it would come down to a short woman's knees, at her will hiding her from view. I used to wear such a hat every time I went on the street. Often when I would leave it in the yard or on the porch before entering Mrs. Noble's house, her little children would crawl in under it, and be completely hidden from view. It was great sport for them. The hats were about four feet from rim to crown, and about 12 ft., in circumference. When women went to church, the hats were heaped in a corner of the church near the door, and their shoes laid on the shelves.

In the early days of my Bible Wowan's Work, there were many Sorcerers and Sorceresses, and many were led to turn from the darkness of their ways and accept Jesus as their Saviour. Many a debate did I have with the people in their homes as I preached to them and many a

time hot tears of anguish filled my eyes, as the people derided my message, also many were the glorious victories.

A special woman fortune teller who claimed to use magic to bewilder her hearers, became a faithful believer, and immediately destroyed all of her instruments with which she had so long deceived the people excepting a fortune telling device, which she gave me, and I brought to my teacher. She, in turn, took it to America to be used in her work for Korea. She also took many other such instruments given by many other magicians, sorcerers and sorceresses—drums, gongs, cymbals, bells, paper and many other kinds of fetishes. It would be impossible to tell how many fetishes and idols were burned up by my hands in the homes of the new believers in Pyeng Yang, or of the times that my teacher friend was with me assisting.

Through our house-to-house visitations together many dancing girls also became Christians, and gave up their evil lives. Some of them are leaders in the church today, among them a Bible woman, Sinsi.

Outside of Pyeng Yang city I did Bible woman's

work at nine places across the Tai Tong river, of which six are now well organized churches. For eight years I weekly visited outside the South Gate at Hyojamoon, and held Prayer meetings at a private home, also off and on visited at Kunqueum and held meetings. Mrs. Noble learning of Sarangkol, especially wanted a Christian Community built up there, so she sent me there to work for that end, and there also a flourishing church was established.

I was priveleged to go out to the interior and hold Bible Institutes at twenty two different places. At many places have I been persecuted, but later those places became centers for loving Christian homes.

Through God's wonderful grace, I have been priveleged to preach the Gospel to many and thousands have believed through my message, and of those who continued in the faith over seven hundred are still known personally by me.

God's providential care has followed me all the way. I generally travelled alone to the Wehsung Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings, but one night, Jessie, a friend, wanted to go with me. Snow came down fast and before us stretched a

seemingly smooth silvery road. I went down into a deep ditch of water, and, but for Jessie's being with me and pulling me out, I should have drowned. God sent her with me that night. When I travelled into the interior to hold Bible Institutes I had many strange and dangerous experiences. There isn't space here for me to write of all of these events, but I hope at some future time to be able so to do.

In 1903, I felt that some of our Korean church women should band together and pay dues with the object of raising money to be used for some specific purpose for God's glory. I felt a separate small building that could be used for women's meetings was needed as there were no small rooms belonging to the church.

A group of women united in a Women's Society and asked my teacher and friend to become the sponsor for this Society which she consented to do. This was the first Women's Society of the Methodist church in Korea. It developed into a Ladies Aid Society, and I was elected as its president, and for over twenty years continued in that office. The membership dues were ten sen per month. With such small means to have

such a large vision seemed laughable to some, still, our members went right ahead, and much good work has been accomplished, through that Society. Eight years after its beginning, the Society paid the salary of a Bible woman for three years, at Sie Yang Li and of one for five years at Nam San church.

After the first of March, 1919, this Society was ordered closed by the Government, but it was re-opened in 1922, with seventy members. At this time, it took upon itself the support of the first employed Korean Woman Missionary of the Methodist church to Manchuria, and supported her for two years. When a National Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist church in Korea was formed, and our Nam San church Women's Society was merged into the new one, the funds in the treasury of the old Society were saved to buy land for a new church outside the Chilsung Gate where years before our Society's sponor hand longed to found a church.

When I first spoke to my teacher and friend of my hopes of securing a building through a Women's Society, she was much pleased and said she would help us all she could. She also told

me of her great desire to have a building built in the rear of the church and in connection with it that could be used for a Sunday School Building, for Bible Institutes, and for Prayer Meetings for all the members of the church, the building to be built according to the plan of the Sunday School building in her home church in America. She told me how for years she had been praying for this and how she had written to friends of the need.

In 1910, an elderly gentleman, Mr. U. H. Thomas, on a world tour, was a guest at the Nobles' home just when a Bible Institute was in session, and he saw the scores of women in that home. Soon after returning to America he died, leaving a bequest for a building at Nam San church such as Mrs. Noble had longed for, for so many years. Dr. Noble superintended the building of the Sunday School. It was arranged so that the church and the S. S., could all be thrown together, by a great rolling partition between, over a common large platform, and each class room could open into the main room by rolling partitions. Up to the present, it is the only separate Sunday School Building in Korea.

I'm always deeply sympathetic with widows, and in 1916 organized a Widows Relief Association. Through helping many in various ways and in telling them of our Saviour's love and care, many became sincere Christians.

I could not close without telling something of the Cradle Roll of which I was for many years the Superintendent. In 1911, Mrs. Noble started a Cradle Roll in the Sunday School of the Nam San church in Pyeng Yang, it being the first Cradle Roll department in Korea. I was her assistant. There were 100 babies names on the first Roll, and when the Superintendent went on furlough in 1912, 500 names were on our Roll. From then until the present, I have been it's Superintendent.

Because of suspicions by the Police that I might possibly have had something to do with the Independence Movement March 1st., 1919, I was imprisoned and made to suffer much. Consequently since then my health had not been good. Nevertheless, through my loving Jesus, my heart is at peace. Till God calls me home to glory, I shall do all I can to bring people to my Master. Throughout my long life and through

all of my experiences, I have learned and proved over and over again, that a mind in peace through Jesus Christ is the greatest thing on earth.



Oh ! the burdens I bore
with a jiggy or my back !

Pilchu Yi.

Sometimes he is called the "Amen Preacher."

He took part in the stone fights in his Youth.

**In 1919 he was one of the 33 signers of the
Manifesto for Korea's Independence.**

Autobiography of Pilchu Yi.

MY heart is filled with joy and my lips with singing as I render gratitude to God for His wonderful grace. As I sit with eyes shut and reflect upon my experiences from my youth up till this day when my hair is gray, I think of Psalms 8:4 which says "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" Yes, He saved me, a low, a low, ignorant man, and through the grace of the Lord Jesus, allowed me to be called one of His children, and brought me up to preach to my Korean brothers and sisters. To God, the Lord of the Universe, I offer praise. Hallelujah, faith will overcome the world.

As I con the events of my life, I shall write them down, not in boasting, but in witnessing for Christ. Still, should I boast of the Lord's love to me, a sinner, lifting me up out of the miry clay and giving me a beautiful life, I think

it would not be unseemly.

I was born in Chong Dong, Seoul, Dec. 9th, 1869, but soon afterwards moved with my parents to the eastern part of the city where now is the park. At eight years of age I began the study of the Chinese Classics at a neighbor's house where several boys were taught in a little school. Being poor, my parents in 5 years time had to take me out of school and set me to work to help in the support of the family. I learned how to make silk cords and tassels and so began to earn money, earning in a month, three yang and 5 or 6 tone, amounting to 18 cents in American money. I continued at that work for five or six years.

When I was eighteen years old my father died. All was dark, trouble upon trouble, as frost upon snow. I was immediately taken sick with the cholera, and lost consciousness, never knowing when they buried my father. For some days I lay as one dead, then little by little, consciousness and health returned.

My father's work had supported the family, but my mother was left with four children younger than I. I worked hard at making the cords and

tassels for belts, and added to the small earnings by going out as a coolie with a jiggy on my back carrying whatever burdens I could find to carry, and my mother went out as a day seamstress. Thus, we managed to make a living. Often, I wished I could die, and often in secluded places wept over my sufferings.

For four years, I worked as a day laborer, carrying jiggy loads. The friends I made were profligates, so, I easily fell in with their ways. Giving up honest work, I became an outcast, entertaining myself and others in questionable ways, beating drums, dancing and singing ribald songs. I also entered into the almost national stone fights. My family therefore suffered miserably.

In the Spring of 1890, someone recommended me to become a soldier. It appealed to me, so I entered the army and remained in it for 4 or 5 years. In 1895, at the time of the "Righteous Army" uprisings, we were sent against them and they were suppressed. I received training under Korean, Japanese and Russian officers. For a while I served as one of the Palace Guards.

At the age of 29, 1899, I was married to a

girl named Insook Kim. Comparing our home life to that before I had become a soldier was like going from a desert into a beautiful garden. I continued my life as a soldier going daily to the barracks. A son and a daughter were born to us. We delighted greatly in them but a contagious disease came along, and in a few days both were gone. I believed that their deaths were a punishment to me, because of my many sins. I was wild with anguish. Some one told me that those who believe in Jesus receive comfort and their minds are at peace no matter what dreadful calamities come to them, or how much they suffer. I decided that if belief in Jesus could do that for anyone, I must believe in Him.

It was in the Spring of 1902, that I decided to believe, but for a year I knew no pleasure in the new religion.

One day I dreamed a strange dream. In the dream, I died. My body was laid in the coffin. I faced my body and said to it, 'You died because of your sins.' Then I awoke, but the idea of my sins oppressed me. I cast off my sinful habits clinging only to the use of tobacco but

later discarded that also. I began praying earnestly for forgiveness and was truly born again.

In 1903 I was baptized by Dr. W. B. Scranton. I began to feel the wonder of Jesus' dying for me. I rejoiced that I had learned the Way of Life through Christ. I also learned that the Good News was for the whole world and that I must do my part in telling it to others; to individuals, or to large gatherings, to people of high or low estate. I received grace and power from God to speak, words coming spontaneously according to the needs of the individual or groups that I met.

Once at the barracks, I had a premonition that there was trouble at my home. I asked for and obtained permission to go home. On my arrival, I found the family in confusion, and my mother angry. Seeking the cause, my mother said that the neighbors having learned that I was a Christian had combined against the family, and forbidden anyone to dare to come near our house, and that they would drive us out of the neighborhood, only they were afraid of me because I was a soldier. I then and there began to tell my family what Christianity really is, and of the

wonderful peace that comes from knowing that one's sins are forgiven for Jesus' sake. I read some portions of Scripture to them and plead for them to believe with me as a united family, prayed and sang a hymn, then, as head of the house, I went about collecting all the fetishes to the evil spirits and made a bonfire of them all. My family were frightened but bowed down in prayer with me.

Someone seeing us praying and seeing the bonfire, ran to tell the neighborhood. Many people came to see us. Seeing them, I raised my voice and began preaching to them. They were astonished and frightened and all fled. Afterwards, I sought the Head of the Village and the Elders, and urged them to believe in the blessed Jesus. I then returned to the Barracks. The neighborhood persecutions stopped, and my family were in peace.

One day, as I was studying my Bible at the gates of the Barracks, I read Matt. 6:16-34. I thought that if God clothes the grass of the field and feeds the birds of the air, how much more will He care for me and bring me out of all my troubles. I thought 'Why do I do the

work of a soldier for my living?' Could I not support my family some other way? "Seek first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." So, I went and got honorably discharged. I had no work in sight and no preparation for other work. I took off my uniform and my weapons, and threw them away, like the throwing away of old shoes, and went home.

As a soldier, I had made a living for my family, but a very poor one. On my arrival home, I found that the kitchen rice box was empty, but I was strong in the belief that I had done right, and that we would not starve. My family and the neighbors were vociferous in accusations against me. There were a number of farms near us, as we lived at the edge of the city. It was harvest time. There is a proverb which says that at harvest time, anyone who even stands at the edge of a paddy field with a tool in his hand should receive wages. I went to the owner of one of the farms and asked for work. He derided me, but since farm hands were scarce, and the harvest white, he gave me a job.

In preparation for the job, I put a jiggy on my back with a sickle on it, tied a long band of white cotton around my head, took off my shoes and stockings and went out to the fields as a farm hand. Though I didn't know very well how to do the work, I was enthusiastic in doing the best that I could. There wasn't a spot on my body at night that didn't ache, but the thought that I was doing a man's work made me glad. I gave thanks to God and sang praises to his name.

The next day, a neighbor called for me to go to work with him. My whole body hurt but gladly and gratefully I went. I worked thus until the harvest was all garnered, then I took my jiggy and sickle to the hills to cut grass. As winter approached, I had ten sheaves of grass ready for fuel. I wanted to get into some business but hadn't any money or experience to start with, so I could only do coolie work. At this time of my great need, someone from my Church, the Meade Memorial, called also the Sang Dong Church, came to ask me if I would consider becoming it's janitor. I joyfully accepted, and thus began my great opportunity.

After caring for the Church I had ample time to study the Bible and the Hymn Book. I attended not only all of the regular Church services, but also all the special ones. Especially did I delight in attending the Bible Institutes. Thus time passed, and I felt the love of God enfold-
ing me as He gave me work added to work.

The Church grew ; the members were strengthened in their faith ; and a young men's training school was established in a room near the Church. From that time on, another was employed as caretaker, and I became a teacher in the Training School. For the training of the souls and bodies of the students, various subjects were taught including Athletics. I had charge of the latter as well as teaching some other subjects.

In the Spring of 1904, Rev. S. A. Beck contributed a sum of money for a Boy's School on the Sang Dong Church property as a Memorial for his little son who had died. The first Session was begun with eight pupils, and two teachers, of whom I was one. This school was the beginning of the present Kong Ok School which now has about three hundred boys in attendance. The Yung Wha Girl's school building

of Chemulpo, was also given as a Memorial to his first son, by Rev. S. A. Beck.

By the grace of God, I was priveleged to start regular services in Yun Wha Pong and Ni Chun Tong. I entered the Theological Seminary in 1907 to prepare for the regular ministry. Later, in 1915, I was ordained Deacon and in 1918, Elder. The latter year I was appointed Pastor of the First Church, Seoul. For one year I served at that Church, when, for Korea the "Third Month First Day" arrived. This will always be a memorable day for Korea. On March 1st., 1919, began the Korean manifestations for Independence. I had been chosen to be one of the thirty three signers of the Manifesto.

It is not necessary for me to go into the details of those stirring times. Indeed, I am not free to do so. Suffice it to say that for this my political offence, I was imprisoned and lived in solitary confinement behind prison bars for two years and eight months. It is of my feelings and impressions that I received during that time that I wish to speak.

In the prison I had much time to study God's Work, and for prayer and meditation. One day

not long after I was imprisoned, I shut my eyes and knelt in prayer. I seemed to hear a knocking in my ears and a loud voice saying: "Seek God." I was frightened, and raising my head looked around in all directions. Besides a toilet in a corner of my room, there wasn't a single thing on the floor or on the walls. The room was ten feet long and eight feet wide. I began again and again to pray, but again and again I would hear the voice saying the same thing. I took my Bible, and opening it at Matthew 1:1, I began to read. I read on to John 7:29, which read—"He who sent me is the true Spirit." It was like the turning on of an electric light in the dark. The worry that bound my soul was gone.

I had been worrying over what was the best thing that I could do for my people. I was willing to die ten or one hundred times, could I only help them. Nevertheless, it came vividly to me that no matter what great works my people did or I for them might do, if we did not first seek God, all would be of no avail. I more deeply learned the truth that we who would win the greatest blessing for our people, must first seek

God, and then lead our people to know Him, and only then would real blessings flow into our Nation. I struggled upward to this plane of knowledge through meditation, tears, and prayers, and have since told many of this new vision of duty with its beauty and greatness.

In Oct. 1921, by God's grace, I received honorable dismissal from the prison, and come out in fairly good health. My loving wife and children, my intimate friends and the Church members in general I met again with joy, and gave glory to God for the wonderful welcome I received from them all.

At the Annual Conference, a year later, I was given a country circuit with three Churches. There were not many members but they were sincere and friendly. So passed one year in peaceful work for the Lord. Since then I have been appointed to other charges. From the day that I came out of the prison gates, I received calls to preach at many Churches. I was privileged to respond to some of them, and also to lead revival meetings at various cities and towns, and at the Theological Seminary. Many were converted and many grew in grace and received

power through the Holy Spirit. Glory be to God !

I am fully persuaded that I shall serve my Lord Christ Jesus all my days and follow His leadings in helping to build the Kingdom of God on earth. Amen.



The coming generations,

Tuksun Kim.

**Through faith a conquerer of many difficulties,
A Bible Woman.**

Through Faith a Conqueror.

by

Tuksun Kim.

FOR all that my Lord has done for me, I offer praise and thanksgivings. I was bound by Satan's chains, and had to fight the evil spirits who strove to keep me bound. Thank God: He made a conqueror.

I was born in Kat Pawee, a small village in Sangnu magistracy, Whoang Hai Province, Korea, in 1870, I became a Christian in 1910 when I was 40 yrs. of age.

It has for centuries been the custom in our country to sacrifice to idols, but it has not brought peace to the hearts of the people. In my home, we sacrificed to 21 fetishes that had been handed down from our ancestors. They were called; The House Gods; the Great Spirit under Heaven, the Mr. Chindo (some ancient person of note to

whose spirit sacrifices were made;) Master of the Dragon Palace; His Rich and Noble Excellency; His Small Excellency; His Excellency of the House site; Three Gods who Preside Over Birth; The Gate God. (Who saves from trouble through water such as drowning); Oxhead Demon; The Spirits of the seven stars (a place being set aside in the yard for offerings to them); The Dragon King; The Wood Demon; Gods of Blessing; the Mountain God; Gods of the Hills; Spirits of the Trees; Ancestor Spirits; and others.

The family had to sacrifice at stated time, and in different ways to all of these spirits. For one, a little straw shack was built in the yard; for another, gifts of clothing and shoes had to be kept in a basket. The wood Demon had to be appeased with gifts of boiled rice or meat or fruit, else he was supposed to be angry and send sickness. The Wood Demon was always angry when wood was used by mortals for any purpose—house building, repairs, fuel, etc.; so he had to be appeased.

When petitioning for a safe journey, we tied bits of cloth (silk or cotton) to the branches of

a Spirit Tree, or threw stones at the foot of a particular tree where a demon was said to reside. Some times large piles of stone surround such trees.

At some place, keepers would live at the foot of so-called Demon Mountains. Passers-by would deposit money near the houses, for fear that if they did not, the demons would prevent their horses from passing by. It is said that the keepers grew rich.

Every Spring, a blind sorcerer would be colled to our home to recite the Kyung or Canon; and every fall, a sorceress would be called to practice incantations.

Never-the-less faithful in spirit worship, as our household was, peace could not be found. When I learned of the Prince of Peace, had I not accepted Him. but had continued in the fear and service of the demons, what would have become of me?

In the 8th moon, the 8th day, of the year, 1910, I heard my aunt tell the Story of Christ. Ah! the wonder of it. After she had gone, I started out, afoot, of course, to go to Chairiung, 30 miles away to hear more of it from a minister

of the Gospel. I was greatly drawn to his Message and decided then and there to believe in Jesus, which meant that I accepted Him as my Saviour and my Lord.

Two weeks later, I took all the paraphernalia belonging to the demon worship, and destroyed it; burying some in the ground, and burning the rest. Great peace came into my heart.

The first time that I ever saw a Westerner was that year in Chairiung, A missionary came from Pyeng Yang, and I heard him preach. My heart was deeply stirred. He verily, seemed to me to be an angel from heaven.

My husband asked me how a high class lady could believe in this new religion. Then began many petty persecutions. I was not discouraged, but believed more deeply. After four years had passed, my husband became determined to make me give up my faith. When I assured him that come what might, I couldn't give it up, he rushed towards me with a knife, and struck my wrist with it, saying that he would cut off my hand. It bled profusely.

Frequently, I would go up a lonely mountain near our home to find a quiet, place where I

could kneel down alone with God and pray for my husbands conversion. My husband became more cruel in his persecutions. One night, he struck my forehead with a lamp stand. I was so ill over its effects, that they thought I would die. I still bear those scars on my wrist and my forehead.

Once, when wild animals came and devoured the grain on our farm, my husband was angry with me because he said that wild animals dared more to harm one who worshipped God.

I tried to take my daughters-in-law with me to Church but for a long time failed. My husband seeing my faith did not waver sent me from our home, with the two youngest children, one a small baby, whom I strapped to my back, and the other a tiny toddler, whom I led by the hand, but some of the way had to carry in my arms. We were out of food or home. We went to a village where lived a good Christian family that I had met at the Church and for awhile they took us in for the nights. Day times I hired out for our board, working at whatever I could find to do, In this extreme situation, I did not despair, but prayed more earnestly.

A Bible Institute was held near by, and I attended some of the classes. It strengthened me so in my ignorance and weakness, that afterwards, whenever I had an opportunity to so do, I always attended. I went in rain and shine, waded through water and snow, far and near, up mountains and down in the valleys, to study more of God's Word.

Once, when I was returning home, after attending a Bible Institute, I came to a swollen stream. There was no boat in which to cross, so I partially disrobed, tied my garments in a bundle which I placed on my head, and started to wade across. When I was half way across, the current being too strong for me, I lost my footing. I prayed to God for help. A traveller, coming by on the other side, saw me and plunged in. He drew me ashore and worked with me until I regained consciousness. Was it the traveller, alone who saved me? No, God heard my prayer and made the traveller His messenger to serve Him!

I returned to my husband and he took me in. As a final means, he said, to make me come to my senses, he burned my Bible and my Hymn

Book in our kitchen fire-place. An American missionary who came through the town at that time, salvaged the partly burned Bible and took it to America to use in addresses in working for Korea.

There were many wild animals roaming the hills and mountains surrounding our home. One time, after communing with God on the hill nearby, as I was returning down the hill, a large tiger came out of the woods right into my path, and killed the dog that accompanied me, but went away without attacking me. I feared God only, and felt His protecting care, so even after that, I continued climbing the lonely hill for sweet communion with Him. Through out the years, as I have come to lonely, dangerous paths, I have repeated and continue to repeat the 23rd Psalm.

For a few more years my husband continued fighting against my faith, when he became very ill. As it was evident that he couldn't live long I prayed more fervently for him to accept Jesus as his Saviour. As his breath came slower he said he was sorry that he had so ill-treated me, and grieved God. With tears of sorrow and

longing he prayed to God for forgiveness, and while praying, passed away.

For 5 years after my husband's death, with my children, I wrested from virgin soil some fields and farmed for our scant living. The nearest Church was five miles away, but I kept the Sabbath Day and walked to Church and back every Sunday serving God as well as I knew how. At last, a Church was established at the village where we lived.

I will digress a little to tell of the building of that Church. I read in Nehemiah that women also helped in the work of building the temple, so, I led the Christian women of the place in carrying clay on our backs to be used by the men in building the stone wall foundation for the Church, and for the plaster inside and outside of the cane stalk framework for the building.

After my husband's death, I realized that a Christian should not put up a spirit table for the dead, as the Pagans do. They believe that the spirit of the dead comes back into such a tablet with power to give blessing or woe to the household, and that such a tablet should be revered and offerings be made to it at stated

times. In the case of erecting one for the father of one's children, it would become an ancestral table for the future generations.

Though I refused to have a table made, my eldest son, who was not then a Christians, had one made and brought into the house. My heart was heavy, I prayed to God for direction concerning it. One time my son went away for a few days. Then I destroyed that which was called my husband's "Spirit Tablet." When my son returned, and saw that the tablet was gone, he said, "One has to follow the customs concerning the dead. Why do you cause your son to lose face before the people like this? Can you in a moment thus discard a custom that has been handed down for 500 years?" He made a new tablet for his father's spirit.

In regard to "Spirit Tablets" it was the custom to put up an inscribed paper for the spirit before the burial. This is called the Honpaik Sang. The Ancestral Tablet or Sinju was made of wood and inscribed. The Sinju or ancestral Tablet was put up from 3 to 5 months after the burial.

Although my son had again put up a tablet

for worship, I forbade his wife to offer any food in sacrifice to the tablet. It is the custom to daily offer to the spirits at each meal time, before the living partake of it. In case of the death of a father, this is continued for 3 yrs., but in case a father is living when the mother dies, then it is kept up but one year for her. If the father be dead when the mother dies then the sacrifices are kept up in the home the 3 yrs. for her also. After the three yrs., the sacrifices are carried on at stated periods of national sacrificial days.

My eldest son, finding out that his wife was not sacrificing to the spirit, beat her and ordered her to sacrifice regularly.

Some time afterwards, this son accepted the Christian religion as the true one. He realizing his sin, in agony of spirit confessed all to God pleading for forgiveness and mercy, and praise God, was converted.

Five years, after becoming a Christian, I became very ill, and was taken to the Government Hospital at Haiju, where I remained a month. A major operation was performed upon me—Always while there lying in bed, I kept my Bible

on one side of me and my Hymnal on the other. I used them, not alone for my self, but I often read aloud for those in the ward to hear my Saviour's Words. Comparing my case, with others with the some trouble, I recovered very quickly, so much so, that the physicians there, marvelled. They themselves were still unbelievers, but I heard them say to one other, that it was because I was a praying Christian that I had recovered so soon. Before that time, no Christian had come to that hospital, but, from the time I entered, one by one, many there became Christians.

Later on I entered with my whole heart into work for Jesus. By God's grace many were converted. Amongst them was a sorceress who had plied her trade for many years. At Chunsok, a child, who was ill, and so bloated that she looked like a sheaf of straw, seemed about to die, a sorceress was called. She told the patient's parents that if they would "Koot" or have "Demon Exorcisms," the child would recover, "The parents though not believers, sent for me, a Christian worker, to come and pray to my God for the recovery of the child. As the result

of my going and praying to my Master for the child, the next day she was well again and playing out of doors. Surely that was a miracle given by God.

I want to witness to all who read this story of my humble life, that all that has been worth recording has come through the guiding presence of the Holy Spirit. If one has deep faith in Jesus, all temptations can be overcome and all trials safely passed through. One can be a conqueror through Christ, and truly live victoriously. As Paul, the Apostle said in II Cor : 12, 9 " My strength is made perfect in weakness " so I can glory that when in my weakness I leaned on Christ's He made me strong in Him.

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